The Avalanche

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN,
BY
O. PALMER,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
For one year.....$1.50
For six months.....75
For three months.....60

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER, JUSTICE AND RIGHT. Publisher and Proprietor.

VOLUME XIV. GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1892. NUMBER 31.

MY BETTY.

When I sit and hold her little hand,
My Betty,
Then all the vexing troubles seem to shrink,
Grow small and petty.
It does not matter any more
That ink is spilt on the parlor floor;
That gown is caught upon the latch,—
And not the smallest bit to match;
That cook is going, housemaid gone,
And coming guests to meet alone.
It matters not at all, you see,
For I have Betty, and Betty has me.

When I sit and hold her little hand,
My Betty,
Then all the pretty, foolish nursery talk
Grows wise and witty.
I'm glad to know that "Pussy Mow"
Was frightened at the wooden cow;
I mourn for "Dolly's" broken head,
And for the sawdust she has shed;
I take with joy the cups of tea
From wooden tea-pot poured for me;
And all goes well, because, you see,
I play with Betty, and Betty with me.

When I walk and hold her little hand,
My Betty,
Then every humble weed beside the way
Grows pink and pretty.
The clover never was so red,
Their purest white the daisies spread,
The buttercups begin to dance,
The roads salute with lifted lance,
The very tallest trees we pass
Bend down to greet my little lass:
And these things make my joy, you see,
For I love Betty, and Betty loves me.
—St. Nicholas.

ENDING IN SMOKE.

I have only one thing against Brittany, which is that it grows all the vile tobacco used by France. I understand that the government of France supplements the Brittany supply by buying up refuse lots of tobacco in America—stuff that the lowest down gamin in New York would refuse to smoke. I doubt this, however, because if any tobacco were bought in America one would sometimes come upon a French packet less bad than the rest. When a smoker accustomed to the American article first comes in contact with the French brand he wants to crawl into a corner and die. The worst about the French stuff is that a man may smoke it and still live.

Providence never intended Brittany, the most northern portion of France, to raise tobacco. It has neither the soil nor the climate. Then the peasantry of Brittany are about the most ignorant and superstitious people now in Europe. Of course a man may be superstitious and yet grow good tobacco or even wheat, but the Brittany people are a stiff-necked generation, whose faces are set against learning anything and if a man puts all his energies against the acquirement of knowledge he can count with reasonable certainty upon remaining ignorant. The other day when I took a journey through rural Brittany I saw tons of tobacco freshly cut hanging by the heels from apple trees, getting alternately soaked by the rain and boiled by the sun, and this is the material that the enlightened government of France insists we shall smoke.

Perhaps you think that if you pay a high price you can get good tobacco in France and that it is merely a question of settling enormous and exorbitant duties. This is not the case. With the exception of three government depots in Paris and a few in the Riviera, American tobacco cannot be obtained in France. A tobacconist in France is a government official, who has also the right of selling postage stamps, and the government will not allow him to order American tobacco from the depots in Paris without a special permit which it refuses to grant except in places where so many English and Americans reside that a special pressure is brought to bear upon it, as is the case in Nice, Cannes and a few other Anglicised towns.

On the northern coast of France are many picturesque spots which the English make their own during the summer months. There is Etratat, Trouville, Grenville, Parame, Dinard, Mount St. Michel on the Normandy and Brittany coast, which are very popular in summer, while in Avranches, Caen, Dinan and other inland towns English families live all the year round because living is supposed to be cheap and educational facilities good. The second reason for residence stills holds, but the first is merely a legend. The double system of protection which France adopts, first charging great duties on everything that comes into France, and secondly, the octroi duties which are charged on articles brought from the country into any town, has made living exceedingly expensive everywhere. The English residents of the Northern towns of France have tried to get the privilege of buying the kind of tobacco they want, but without success. France, however, seeing that it was losing residents by this unenlightened policy, as people moved to the channel islands or to Switzerland, in the first of which there is no duty on tobacco and in the second scarcely any, made grudging concession in the law of English residents.

The law is this: You are allowed to import twenty pounds of tobacco a year, paying a duty of seven francs fifty centimes a pound, which impost is more than the original price of tobaccos, even in England. The officials take care that in getting this tobacco you are put to the greatest inconvenience and expense, but then, of course, that is what custom officials are for, all over the world and especially in the United States. The twenty pounds thus imported you must swear in for your own use solely, and you must enter into an agreement not to sell or even give away a scrap of it. All this exposition of the law brings me to the story I have to tell and, which was told to me in St. Malo.

In the first place I may say that twenty pounds of tobacco a year is utterly inadequate for one able-bodied man. I smoke fifty pounds myself without half-trying, and no doubt a man like the late Gen. Grant smoked much more. I am well aware—read it in a book, I think—that if I put the money thus expended in a savings bank at compound interest for 500 years or so I would at the end of that time have a competency to retire on, but I always was one of those improvident people who like to take their fun as they jog along through life, and so "bang goes the saxpence" for tobacco. "Have a good time while you are alive," says the philosopher Bill Nye, "for you will be dead a long while."

There are several residents in Brittany who look with contempt on twenty pounds of tobacco a year, and who supplement that supply, but not with French tobacco. Some daring souls take trips to the Island of Jersey, only three hours or so away, with a splendid service of fast steamers from St. Malo, and they try to smuggle in as much tobacco as they can. This, however, is a very risky business, as the customs examination of those who come in by the Jersey boat is exceedingly strict. This brings me to Brown's plan. I need scarcely to say that Brown is not his real name and that Smith is not the name of the friend who was sacrificed for him. I merely use the wierd, unusual name of Brown and Smith to conceal identity, and if a real Brown and Smith live on that coast I beg to say that I do not refer in the least to them.

Brown could get along on forty pounds of tobacco, but even at that he had to exercise some self-denial. Smith, his friend, did not smoke at all. He hated tobacco, and even the smell of good tobacco, which, to a smoker, is the most delightful aroma in the world, was exceedingly distasteful to him. Now Brown persuaded Smith to import twenty pounds of prime American tobacco from the Island of Jersey. Smith was shy of the perjury involved, but Brown earnestly showed him that there was no perjury. In fact, he doubted if an Englishman could perjure himself in the French language—he usually spoke it so badly. Besides, things sound so much milder in French than in English. Witness the innocuous futility of an oath in French compared with its sturdy Anglo-Saxon equivalent. Mind, I'm not defending Brown at all, although I am able to forgive a great deal to a man unjustly deprived of his pipe. I am a tobacco smuggler myself every time I enter France. It is therefore not for the pot to call the kettle black. I fear that the smoking of tobacco tends towards a certain laxity of conscience. Have we not the authority of that smoking Oxford poet Calverley for believing that those who indulge in the weed—

"Go mad and beat their wives;
Plunge, after horrid lives,
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards."

I quote from memory, and am certain not to have quoted with verbal accuracy. I say this right here, not having the poems by me, so that correspondents may save their postage stamps in writing to correct me, which they usually do when I make a quotation.

Well, Brown, the immoral smoker, persuaded Smith, the moral non-smoker, by the following kind of logic: The French law was bad anyhow and no Englishman who ruled the waves should be bound by it. Then Smith was entitled to twenty pounds for his own use. There are other uses for tobacco than smoking it. Smith might use the gold and crimson colored packages for decorating the shelves of his bookcase. He did not need to give it or sell it to Brown. Oh, no. Brown asked no such sacrifice. Brown would do the rest. He would steal the tobacco from the book shelves pound by pound as he required it. Thus Smith would not have perjured himself,—even if the whole transaction were done in English. And so the unfortunate Smith consented. The first twenty pounds were got through all right. They decorated Smith's shelves and Brown regularly stole them and everything was lovely, although Smith had always vague twinges of conscience regarding his oath to the French Government.

Up to this point I expect the article I am writing to be interesting chiefly to those who smoke. Now I confidently claim the sympathy of non-smokers for Smith in the disaster which overtook him.

There was an entertainment at the Casino at St. Malo and Smith was there. As he walked along the corridors, back and forth, during the intermission he was pleasantly accosted by a French gentleman whom he dimly remembered to have met somewhere, but he could not place definitely. He did as most of us do under such aggravating circumstances. He pretended he remembered the Frenchman and they walked up and down together, chatting pleasantly. The Frenchman was smoking and Smith was not, of course. The smoker, after a few turns, pulled out his case and politely offered Smith a cigar.

"Thank you, no," said Smith. "I never smoke."

The Frenchman seemed astonished and looked at Smith.

"This is an English cigar, sir," he said.

"I never smoke at all," answered Smith. "English, French or American cigars are quite the same to me; I loathe them all."

"You astonish me," said the Frenchman, quietly returning the cigar to its case. "I thought every Englishman smoked."

After a while they separated, Smith still wondering where he had met the affable French gentleman before.

When the time came around for Smith to get the next twenty pounds of tobacco for his friend Brown, he was shown into the office where the alleged perjury was usually accomplished. His heart gave a jump as he recognized the bland official at the desk of the gentleman who had offered him the cigar at the Casino. Here, then, was where he had met him before.

"Please sit down, Mr. Smith," said the government man in a kindly tone; "it will be some minutes before the necessary business is completed."

Smith sat down and mumbled something about not being in a hurry. The Frenchman opened a drawer and pulled out a large and black cigar.

"We don't object to smoking in our offices here as I understand they do in England. Pray light this cigar. It will console you while you wait."

"Thank you very much," said the doomed Smith, "but I do not care for French cigars. That is why I import all of my tobacco."

"But this is a prime Havana taken from the luggage of an American who foolishly thought he could cheat the French customs department."

"Really? Well, you see, under the circumstances I hardly like to take the property of another man without his permission, even if he is an American."

"But it is not his property; he has forfeited it. It is the property of France, who now insists on your accepting it through my humble instrumentality."

Poor Smith could no longer refuse. He took the cigar, while the official struck one of those vile, slow-burning, sulphurous French matches and gazed with a triumphant look at the Englishman over the sputtering blue flame.

Smith lighted the cigar with slow deliberation. The Frenchman went on with his writing. The smoker first became deathly pale and then his face took on a greenish hue. He fought down the feeling he had before experienced while crossing the channel in a gale. The Frenchman glanced up at him now and then but said nothing, keeping on with his writing. The victim frequently took the cigar from his lips and drew in rapidly two or three times quick breaths of fresh air untainted with tobacco smoke, and these gasps seemed to keep him from dying on the spot. He remembered that his countrymen had on one or two occasions stormed St. Malo, and he wished the fleet were outside at that moment dropping shells on the custom house. After conquering the first awful qualms, he resolutely kept on smoking. Had not the Englishman once owned that section of the country and was it not an Englishman who first introduced tobacco into Europe? Nevertheless, between whiffs he cursed the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The official was somewhat taken aback to see the cigar slowly consumed and he wondered if he had made a mistake in his man. Finally he handed over the papers. Smith walked in a rather uncertain manner to the door, which he held open for a moment to let the cool air encircle him. Holding on to the handle, his body swaying slightly, he turned his pallid face toward the officer at the desk and remarked slowly:

"I—I say—you couldn't—oblige me—with another of those American cigars—could you?"—Free Press.

Doubted the Queen's Honesty.

It is well known that the Queen, when residing at Balmoral castle, loves to go about in simple guise among the poor cotters of the neighboring district, and in the course of her journeylings incidents worthy of recording occasionally happen.

One of these, which may prove of interest, is the following:

One day her majesty was caught in a shower and entered the dwelling of an old woman, whose eyesight must have been dim, for she did not recognize her sovereign.

"Will you lend me an umbrella? said the Queen, who did not happen to have one with her.

The old woman stared at her questioner for some little time, but at last, seemingly convinced as to the respectability of her visitor, in a grudging tone replied:

"I hae twa umbrellas. Ane o' them's a gude ane t'ither's naur as auld and worthless as mysel'. Ye may tak' the auld ane but I doobt I'll maybe ne'er see't ag'in."

She then proffered a ragged article, whose whalebone ribs might be seen sticking here and there through the torn cover. Her majesty took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth in the rain, not by one word betraying her rank. The next day a servant of the royal household brought the wretched gamp to the old woman, who then became aware as to whom she had lent it.

"Ay, ay," exclaimed the old body, shocked and grieved at having missed such an opportunity of winning a a smile from the queen. "Dod keep's, but the tongue's an unruly member. Had I but ken wha it was that asked it the len' I wad hae made her welcome to the best o' a' I hae i' this warl', and I houp her highness will forgi'e me, and no tak' it ill-aff for me bein' sae scimpit and onneeborly wi' 'er."—Philadelphia Times.

Cruelty in Morocco.

An act of cruelty was recently committed in Fez, Morocco, of so atrocious a character that it has even aroused the indignation of the moors, unaccustomed as they are to judge such matters severely. It has been proved that the chief eunuch of the Sultan of Morocco, a man named Bubilal, has killed a little negro slave belonging to him by slowly pouring boiling water from a kettle over the child's head. An inquiry was made into the matter and it was ascertained that this was the fifth slave whom he had killed in the same way. The case was reported to the Sultan; but His Majesty declined to interfere. In Morocco eunuchs are an altogether privileged class and are valued at a high price by their owners.

PHILOSOPHY is just as desirable if you call it common sense.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

MILWAUKEE PLUCKILY BEGINS REBUILDING.

Devastation More Terrible than at First Reported—Acres of Smoldering Heaps Where Once Was Prosperous Activity—Relief of the Sufferers.

The Fire as It Was.

Milwaukee correspondence.

No one had a real notion of the havoc created by our terrific fire till the following Sunday morning. The wind had died down and the day broke under a clear sky. Miles away the billows of smoke could be seen rising above the city, and while they did not sweep the business streets, they gave to a distant view the appearance of a heavy fog, rolling under the wind and streaking out in long, thin tanners from the heart of the city. Near the Northwestern depot the extensive destruction worked by the fire became seriously prominent. From the railway tracks as far as the eye could see through the smoke almost the entire warehouse part of the town was a mass of ashes and broken brick and stone, with here and there the skeleton of a wall or a chimney rising dimly out of it through the clouds. The lake was rolling viciously, and the line of scorched breakwater showed where the fire had bitten down to the edge of the water. For a while during the fire even the piling of this breakwater was aflame.

From the railroad tracks for blocks a prosperous part of the town lay smoking. At the limits of the fire-swept district thousands of people had gathered and were kept from crowding in by the policemen and four companies of militiamen armed with rifles. Inside this line the tired firemen were still working. Some of them had been fighting the fire for a day and a half. They were grimy from the smoke, and their rubber coats were cased in cinders. A few of them were sitting on piles of brick with the nozzles of the hose in their blackened hands. Many of them were so worn out by the work of the night that they slept beside the engines while men who owned offices in the district and boys who volunteered for the fun of the thing played on the embers.

Sights Among the Ruins.

At every corner a flattened mass of half-burned wood and brick was pointed out as the site of a big warehouse. Nothing except the brick corners of Reideburg's vinegar factory was left. A lot of galvanized iron sheets and a big hill of malt and grain was a monument to Hansen's malthouse. The folk who saw that building burn thought it was finer than fireworks. For a moment the windows flared like the isinglass front of a parlor stove. Then the fire died out there and a ring of green gaseous flame ran around the building. In another minute the elevator walls parted and the mass of flaming grain tumbled down in a tremendous cataract.

The Weisel & Vilter machine shop, where a falling wall killed two of the firemen, was only a lot of brick and plaster, and Bubb & Kip's factory, which gave the second start to the fire, had been absolutely shelled. At the gas works the ruins of one end of the holders was still blazing in spite of the flood of water poured in by the firemen, and the machinery was tangled and broken beyond repair. In nearly every mass of ruins men were groping for valuable papers and books and at every corner employes could be seen pouring water on a smoking safe.

On the skirts of the burned district the scenes are sometimes pathetic. Little unprotected piles of bed clothing, pictures, and small household belongings had been left by fleeing thousands. Once in a while a shivering boy was seen standing beside the wreckage of a home—a broken clock, battered image, a bag of tableware and some poor clothing. In the middle of Buffalo street a deserted truck stood loaded with one trunk and a little rocking chair decorated with a neat "tidy." These things were the wreckage of small homes burned out in the Third Ward, where hundreds of cottages of workingmen were swept away by the fire.

The Distressing Feature.

The burning of these poor houses was the distressing feature of the fire. Milwaukee can stand well enough the destruction of big warehouses, for there are many big warehouses there and many rich men able to put up buildings in the place of those ruined. The cottages destroyed belonged to the poor laboring men. Some of these men squatted along the lake shore years ago, and nearly all the houses represent hard saving and long work. They went like tallow before the fire and left no monumental ruins to mark their site. Family after family applied to the relief organizations or crowded into St. John's Cathedral and the Northwestern depot. Prompt relief was given to them as soon as the excitement of the night was settled, and there was as little suffering as ever followed a big fire. The hotels fed hundreds of hungry men. Pabst's Hotel loaded up the Chicago firemen with coffee and steaks, and with the other houses sent a patrol wagon load of food down to the smoke-stained men who were slugging the fire near the lake.

The people of Milwaukee had hardly turned out of bed to see the fog of the fire rising before men were hustling around to raise money for the unfortunate folks. Telegrams came in from roundabout towns, from Oshkosh and Madison and Janesville and Racine, all of which are tributary for Milwaukee's business. These little towns all offered to help as far as they could. A telegram came in from Mayor Washburne, of Chicago. The Mayor evidently thought Milwaukee had been shoveled clean off the earth, for he telegraphed in a good-hearted way about Chicago rising from its ashes and hoping Milwaukee would rise from Milwaukee ashes. These telegrams and letters were taken thankfully but Milwaukee went about helping its own people with its own hands.

Milwaukee Raises $31,000.

Hundreds of business men poured into the chamber of commerce building and almost before President Bacon could make a talk $31,231 had been subscribed. It was headed by a whaling big check for $5,000 sent in by the Democratic candidates for county offices, who are not rich men; Phil Armour gave $5,000 and said he would give a lot more for his old home; the Brewers' Association subscribed $5,000; Henry C. Payne, the Republican committeeman, handed in $1,000, and the same amount was contributed by Captain Fred Pabst, the Wisconsin Fire and Marine Insurance Bank, John L. Mitchell, Banker Ilsley, Cudahy Bros., August Uihlein, E. P. Bacon and Mr. Rosseanu. Long after the meeting money was rolling in and at 5 o'clock the fund was estimated at near $50,000. It continued to grow until the $100,000 mark was passed. That's not enough to build up one of the ruined warehouses, but it will make comfortable hundreds of homeless Third Ward people. None of these was permitted to undergo hardship. Every burned-out family was taken care of somewhere and by somebody. Probably no town was ever so badly cut by a fire to come out so cheerful and happy as Milwaukee.

The real estate board, which raised a considerable sum in addition to its first donation of $5,000, turned the entire amount over to the relief committee, concluding not to distribute the money on its own account. One of the most substantial contributions for the relief of the poor came from Frank A. Lappen & Co. The firm had sold furniture on the installment plan to many of those who were burned out and had over $2,500 still due and secured by notes. In spite of the fact that he was a heavy loser by the fire, having had a quantity of furniture burned in Bub & Kipp's factory, Mr. Lappen announced that he would give receipts in full to those of the sufferers who still owed him anything.

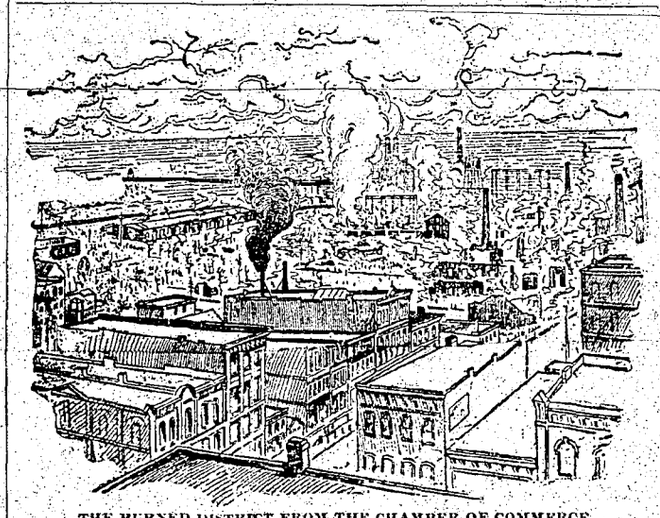
The work of searching for the safes of the various firms was commenced early. In nearly every case the papers, which alone would enable the losers to estimate correctly the amount of their loss, were in the burning buildings. To get at these a force of several hundred workmen armed with pickaxes and shovels was turned loose. Several safes were found, but it was impossible to open them, as the locks had become so warped and twisted that the bolts could not be turned.

Rebuilding the Freighthouses.

The enterprise shown by the big sufferers is exemplified by the work of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Both the outgoing and incoming freight houses were burned. Nothing but the bare walls were standing, while inside of them was a mass of smoldering wreckage which occasionally broke out into bright flames. By night of Monday the buildings were nearly all roofed. At one time they were forced to quit, owing to a blaze which broke out in the south end of one of the buildings while they were putting a roof on the north end. An engine was called and the blaze was soon extinguished.

Insurance men are doing their best to settle the trouble for the poorer of the sufferers. They are anxious that all small losses be adjusted as soon as possible and accordingly a special committee will have such claims in charge.

One incident which has received no attention owing to the excitement caused by the big fire was the burning of seven cottages in the southwestern part of the city Friday evening. The people who were burned out lost everything they possessed, and they will be included in the list of those to be given relief.



THE BURNED DISTRICT FROM THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

REMAINS OF REIDEBURG VINEGAR WORKS, WHICH OCCUPIED NEARLY A BLOCK.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. S. G. Taylor, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a.m. and 7½ p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. N. J. Geyer, Pastor. Services every Sunday, morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday-school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 256, F. & A. M., meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon.
F. F. THATCHER, W. M.
W. F. BENKELMAN, Secretary.

MARVIN POST, No. 240, G. A. R., meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month.
WM. S. CHALKER, Post Com.
J. C. HANSON, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 162, meets on the 2d and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. ISABEL JONES, President.
REBECCA WIGHT, Sec.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, R. A. M., No. 120.—Meets every third Tuesday in each month.
WILLIAM PRINGLE, H. P.
ARTHUR CADY, Sec.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 137.—Meets every Tuesday evening.
WILLIAM MCCULLOUGH, N. G.
WILLIAM GIDDINGS, Sec.

GRAYLING ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., No. 116.—Meets alternate Friday evenings.
CHARLES M. JACKSON, C. P.
C. HANSON, Secretary.

CRAWFORD TENT, K. O. T. M., No. 122.—Meets every Saturday evening.
L. J. PATTERSON, Com.
G. H. BONNELL, R. K.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, No. 83, meets Monday evening on or before the full of the moon.
MARY L. STALEY, W. M.
ADA M. GROULEFF, Sec.

PORTAGE LODGE, K. of P., No. 141.—Meets first and third Wednesday of each month.
F. M. GATES, C. C.
J. HARTWICK, K. of R. and S.

COURT GRAYLING, I. O. F., No. 790.—Meets second and last Wednesday of each month.
W. F. BENKELMAN, C. R.
G. E. SMITH, R. S.

WAGNER CAMP, S. OF V., No. 145.—Meets first and third Saturday of each month.
S. G. TAYLOR, Captain.
L. J. PATTERSON, 1st Sergeant.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, - - MICHIGAN.

MONEY makes the mare go, but she never went her best until pneumatic tires and ball-bearings came into use.

VENEZUELA's latest revolution has run its course, and not one-third of those engaged in it can tell what it was all about.

THE Isle of Man has granted the right of suffrage to women. If there was an Isle of Women would it do likewise to man?

THERE are men with natures so small that, if there is anything in transmigration, they will probably appear as microbes.

DOCTORS' bills are often saved by reading advertisements. Try it. Read the announcements of advertisers upon each page of this paper.

COLUMBUS got cheated out of the honor of fixing his name to the continent, but all the same the four hundredth anniversary does him full justice. It is a Christopher Columbus year.

IT is the great art and philosophy of life to make the best of the present, whether it be good or bad—to bear the one with resignation and patience, and to enjoy the other with thankfulness and moderation.

NOBODY can question the cleanness and purity of Tennyson's legislative career The only measure he ever voted for was one favoring ballot reform. He was content with making the songs of the nation while others made the laws.

THE telegraph operator who facetiously ordered a strike on the Santa Fe system by way of practical joke has too much sense of humor to do routine office work. He ought to write farce-comedies or go upon the lecture platform.

COMMON SENSE is science exactly so far as it fulfills the ideal of common sense; that is, sees facts as they are, or at any rate without the distortion of prejudice, and reasons from them in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment.

A NEW YORK dentist has been sued for pulling the wrong tooth, and, what is more, the patient refuses to pay for the molar which was extracted, though the job was well and speedily done. Dentists must arrange a pull with the courts.

taking advantage of the cholera plague where it exists, and the scare where the scourge is dreaded, to urge their method of disposing of the dead because of the thoroughness with which it destroys disease germs of every kind.

A WELL-KNOWN divine, in his wise old age, once took a newly married pair aside and said: "I want to give you this advice, my children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on and do your duty, and she wil come to you."

ROSEBERRY does not like the way in which Canadian seal pirates have been handled by Russia, but Roseberry is a smooth and oleaginous statesman whose gentleness of speech but furthers the accomplishment of a shrewd and diplomatic purpose. The lion and the bear will lie up and down when together and part in peace.

THE German Emperor is harassed by uncertainty in formulating a national policy, but he is firm in the conviction that he must have a larger army. The expense of maintaining peace in continental Europe is much heavier than would be a merry tournament of battles ending in a survival of the strongest, if not the fittest.

THE citizens of Three Rivers, in her British Majesty's neighboring province of Quebec, have stoned the American Consulate and smashed in all the windows. It isn't annexation that the Canucks need at the hands of the United States—that is merely the secondary treatment to follow the rigorous first operation that their condition requires.

THE Chicago University has to be supplied with a telescope larger than any yet built. It has to have a lens forty-five inches in diameter, which, being eleven inches larger than that in the Lick telescope, will, it is supposed, bring Mars so near that it will be possible to read the names of the boats which sail along the canals of that far distant world.

A SERVANT girl in Berlin, finding onerous the duties of her position, made her discontent apparent by poisoning the family babe. While this effectually sundered the obnoxious tie, it created new ones so much less desirable as to demonstrate that the problem of emancipating the down-trodden servant yet awaits solution.

EMMET DALTON, bandit, wounded to death, comes, and first being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a cousin of the Youngers. Then comes Cole Younger in all the dignity of a life-liner and declares that Emmet is wasting his last breath in claiming unmerited honors. It seems that a wise bandit does not necessarily know his own cousin.

THE "Religious Notes" editor of a New England paper publishes a list of infant evangelists, including a 10-year-old girl in Fairmount, Kas., who has delivered revival sermons in that place, and is now fairly in the field as a professional revival preacher." The infant saint movement must soon reach a point where revivalists will be required to bring their nurses along.

THE lord high butler to Manhattan aristocracy is but a glorious memory. Ward McAllister has fallen from high favor with the Four Hundred. In some way he has offended by giving away some of the mysteries of the cult to which he was the high priest. He let in the garish light of day when exclusiveness is the very corner-stone of the creed offended. He has been false to his traditions and his ideals. Alas, poor Mac! They knew him not as well as they thought they did.

IF intellect can level up, so can it down; and the artificial heights, which to some are barriers raised by social dignities, come even with the fertile plain when the mind is greater than the station. A scientist is no less a scientist because he is a lord, any more than a philosopher is no less a philosopher because he was born of a small farmer and bred in a hut. In either case it is the intellect which equalizes; and to this those who know the measure of values pay homage.

NEITHER learning, nor philosophy, nor advantages of any kind, hold a monopoly of correct judgment as to the right and wrong of the every-day affairs of life. He who, with ordinary intelligence and a sincere desire to do right, trusts to his own instinctive ideas of what is right, is far more likely to decide wisely and to act justly than one who uses his brains to weave subtle arguments, to find specious excuses, evasions and contradictions, or to discover some supposed conflict of duties which shakes his previous firm convictions.

THE English papers persist in doubting whether the discovery of America by Columbus was of any special benefit to Great Britain. She has had some rather discouraging experiences with the powerful young nation that sprang up on this side of the Atlantic, but she alone is responsible for that, and it is anything but complimentary to the British possessions in America to raise such a question as that suggested. Even if England be disappointed, the world has profited beyond computation, and this should soften the regrets of the mother country.

IT is widely understood in Rome that concurrently with the unveiling of his monument facing the Vatican it will be announced that Columbus has been beatified. In other words, it is to be made the occasion of stating that the church has placed the distinguished discoverer on its roll of saints. Of course this action will form a complete answer to the charges made by some calumniators to the effect that Columbus was a pirate, a lewd person, and otherwise objectionable from a moral point of view. None of these allegations will in future be credited by good Catholics, and it may be just as well for Protestants to drop them as not proven. Columbus was a grand man as well as one who did a grand work, and it is not well to listen to those detractors who would pick holes in the character of him who led the way across the Atlantic, which has been traversed by many millions since his day and to great advantage of most of them. It may be remarked that this action of the church is none the less welcome because it is doing tardy justice to the memory of Columbus. It is understood to be a rule of the church that no one shall be elevated to the list of saints till fifty years after his or her death, but nearly eight times that minimum interval will have elapsed before his claims to saintship are recognized by Rome.

Prince and Yankee.

A musical critic from Yankee-land, Mr. L. C. Elson, who describes in a very "free and easy" way his experiences in Europe, was at one of the great Wagnerian performances at Bayreuth. The place was full of congenial people, who had come together for one purpose. As an illustration of the spirit that prevailed, Mr. Elson says:

I have spoken of the Prince of Hesse. I did not know he was a prince until I had chatted with him about half an hour, and then it was too late for me to put on any stately behavior. I resisted the temptation to tell him that I was the Duke of Oshkosh or the Marquis of Kalamazoo, and kept my character as a humble American citizen. As for his highness, any rich Western speculator would have put on more airs.

Alas! there are no manuals of etiquette on "How to converse with a prince;" even the Baedeker phrase-book omits this important chapter. I feared to ask if the prince business was good at this season, and he did not once say, "By my halidome!" as princes do in novels.

On the contrary, he began talking very quietly and most learnedly on music, in which he seemed to be one of the best-informed gentlemen I had ever met. He was a very near-sighted potentate, and as I also am nearly as blind as a bat, it may be supposed that the bond of myopia drew us together.

IF all the published rules for avoiding the cholera were boiled down together the essence would be something like this: Don't be a hog.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

All She Needed—Brutal—Prophecy Based on History—Not Tailor Made, Etc., Etc.

ALL SHE NEEDED.

"Do you own a heart?" he cried, wildly, brushing the dust from his knees.

"Yes," she replied, blushing, "I have four's."

BRUTAL.

Mrs. Trotter—I'm sorry you don't like this cake. The cook books say that it is anti-dyspeptic.

Mr. Trotter—I don't doubt it, my dear, but I'm willing to live and risk the dyspepsia.

PROPHECY BASED ON HISTORY.

"Well, I wonder what will be the sensation of the week?" queried the telegraph editor.

"If I may be permitted to speak," ventured the horse editor, "it is likely that the sensation of the week will continue to be that tired feeling."—[Indianapolis Journal.

NOT TAILOR MADE.

Felicia Joy—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?

Mina Anne Pussley—Yes, indeed! Where did you get it made—at an upholsterer's?

NOT NAMELESS.

Happy Bachelor—Well, old fellow, and what have you called the kid?

Unhappy Benedict—What haven't I called it, you mean, old man. I didn't know I had such an extensive stock of anathemas in my vocabulary.—[Ally Slopir.

DUBIOUS.

"I think I'll let my beard grow for a week," said chappie.

"Do you think it will?" asked Ethel.—[Judge.

AN EXCEPTION.

I like to watch my wife when she's
Crocheting
Or when she's tatting mysteries
Essaying.

I often note complacently
Her shirring,
Nor does her darning prompt in me
Demurring.

But I am spurred, I must allow,
To quitting
When she her alabaster brow
Is knitting.

THE OTHER SIDE.

He—I suppose his marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him?

She—Well, partially—and partially about what he finds out about papa. Fortunately, papa has the advantage of experience.

DIDN'T WANT THE EARTH.

She—Ma says I am her own darling. She will think you want the earth when you ask her for me.

He—But I don't. I only want Mary darling.

RATHER WIRY.

Mrs. Slimdiet—What has made your throat so sore, Mr. Newboarder?

Newboarder—I think it must have been the steak.—[New York Weekly.

A POLITICAL NOTE.

The old gentleman was doing his best to be entertaining to Algernon, when his daughter remarked: "Excuse me, papa, but Algy and I are convinced that harmony would be promoted by the absence of third party interference."—[Washington Star.

A FRANK CHILD.

Little Kate on being introduced to an elderly maiden aunt, whom she has never seen before, innocently exclaims: "Oh, auntie, how very ugly you are!"

Being reprimanded by her mother, who bids her apologize and say that she is sorry, the child turns to her aunt and says seriously: "Oh, auntie, I beg your pardon, and indeed I am very sorry that you are awful ugly."

HORTICULTURAL.

Full many a flower is sowed in the bright
time,
When the warm sun's aglow in the
sward dewy damp,
But bachelor's buttons are sewed in the
night time,
In the third story, back, by the light
of a lamp.

MARRIAGE IS NO FAILURE.

When wedded to his seventh wife
He said: "I know what married bliss
is,
And all the hits I've made in life
I find I've made by making Mrs."
—[New York Press.

IT TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT.

When love in his heart had taken root,
And his brain was in a whirl,
And he went at night to press his suit,
He also pressed the girl.

She at the action took no offense,
For she knew that more was meant;
In fact she thought him a man of sense,
And at once gave her consent.
—[New York Press.

POTENT FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

"Onions have their uses after all. They will often break up a cold."

"And sometimes an engagement."

NOT RIGHTLY NAMED.

First Boy—What sort o' birds are those?

Second Boy—Those are chimney swallows.

First Boy—Get out! Their mouths ain't big 'nough. I don't believe they can swallow anything bigger than flies.—[Good News.

SOME ADVANTAGE.

Rosalie—He's an awful homely man, my dear.

Grace—Yes, but there's something in it. He's nice and rich as can be, and when he calls has only to look at the clock to stop it.

THE REGULAR PROGRAMMES.

Little Mabel—If you don't stop, I'll tell mamma, and she'll tell papa, and then papa will whip you!

Little Johnny—Then I'll cry, and then grandma will give me some candy, and I won't give you any.—[Good News.

ON SECOND THOUGHT.

Jack—When she declined me I threw the engagement ring away in a rage.

Tom—What do you mean?

Jack—Well, I put it in my pocket. That's where my rage was. She was rich.—[New York Herald.

THE DOG MUST BE PUZZLED.

"I don't see how you can treat your landlady's ugly dog so kindly when he sticks his nose into your plate at dinner."

"Oh, I merely do it for appearances sake. She sees me patting him gently on the head, but she doesn't know that at the same time I am kicking him under the table."

A BARON'S WOOING.

Banker—So you want to marry my daughter, Baron? Well, all I can say is that I will not consent to her marriage with any man who is not free from debt.

Baron—You are quite right, sir, and, if I am assured of your sanction on those conditions, I am quite ready to wait until I am free from debt.

Banker—Really! In that case my youngest daughter will just suit you. She is three years old and can wait several years for you.

IT TOO TEMPTING.

Grace—How did Mrs. Duton manage to have so many men at her tea?

Rosalie—Oh, she had the wine list printed on the back of the cards she sent out.

FOUND A USE FOR THE BABY.

Little Dot—Ma, may I take the baby out in my doll's carriage?

Mamma—Why, what for?

Little Dot—Susie Smif has a new doll 'at shuts its eyes an' cries "Wah, wah." I'm doin' to betend the baby is a doll and let her hear him cry. Then I dess she'll stop puttin' on airs.—[Boston Globe.

RELATIVE EXPENSE.

A certain minister, not a thousand miles from here, loves a dollar with a close affection. Not long ago a young man asked him how much he would charge to marry a couple.

"Well," said the preacher, "the bridegroom pays what he pleases, but I never charge less than $10."

"Whew!" exclaimed the prospective bridegroom, "that's a good lot of money. I thought that kind of work went in with your regular salary."

"Oh, no," explained the minister, "salvation is free, but it costs money to get married."—[Detroit Free Press.

A SUBTLE SCHEME.

"Miss Wickerstaff seems to be particularly popular among the young fellows of twenty or thereabouts."

"Yes. She has a way of talking to them about 'young men.'"—[Indianapolis Journal.

AN EXPLANATION.

"Do you believe that knowledge is power?"

"I do."

"That explains then why dudes are so frail."

TOO MUCH STRAIN ON THE STOMACH.

"Sophtie is badly troubled with dyspepsia."

"That's because he is so gullible."

"What has that to do with it?"

"He swallows everything."

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

"I wish you'd tell me how to get out of debt," said a man who was depressed.

"Humph!" replied the citizen, who hasn't any credit to speak of. "I wish you'd tell me how to get into debt."—[Washington Star.

ADVANTAGE FOR ONE.

She—Well, if I can't live on my income, and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage in our marrying?

He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate.—[Life.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

PORK CHOWDER.—Chop one onion very fine; boil one or two beets and one dozen potatoes; pare and slice together in a dish with the chopped onions raw; melt one large spoonful of butter and pour over the whole, together with half a cupful of warm vinegar; season with pepper and salt. Have ready to accompany this dish half a dozen slices of salt pork, cut thin, and fried tender. Then, when done, take out of the frying pan and dip in a batter made of 3 eggs well beaten, 1 tablespoonful of milk (sweet), and 1 cupful of flour mixed with half a tablespoonful of baking powder. Fry in the pork fat and serve warm.

CHICKEN WITH RICE.—Chicken with rice is an old familiar dish. The chicken is well picked, drawn and trussed into shape in the same way as for roasting, but without stuffing. It is then laid on its breast in boiling water. Add to the water half a carrot, an onion with two cloves stuck in it, half a bayleaf, and a sprig of parsley. Let the chicken cook very slowly in this water for about half an hour. Then add a small cup of raw rice, and let the whole cook for twenty minutes longer, still very slowly. There should be a heaping teaspoonful of salt added when the rice is put in. Take up the chicken and surround it by a border of cooked rice. Strain the remainder of the rice and broth through a juice sieve. Add a pint of hot milk, and let this soup boil up for ten minutes. Serve it with pieces of bread cut in fanciful shapes when soft, then dried and fried brown in butter. The appearance of the chicken may be improved by scattering fried breadcrumbs over it, though some people prefer to serve it white, as it will be when cooked in the rice.

PORK-CHOPS.—Pork-chops make a very acceptable breakfast dish these cold, frosty mornings. They are especially nice at this time broiled. To broil them, trim them well, flatten them with a mallet, rub them with a little sweet-oil, and let them broil for about seven minutes on each side. Sauce-Robert is the time-honored sauce to serve with pork-chops. A simple rule for making this calls for half an onion sliced and fried with a teaspoonful of butter, till they are quite brown. Add a teaspoonful of sugar, sprinkling it in. This is to glaze the onions. Add half a wine-glass of white wine, and cook for six minutes. Then add a pint of sauce Espagnole or brown gravy. Let the mixture boil for about fifteen or twenty minutes slowly. Then add a teaspoonful of English mustard, wet with a little cold stock. If you do not care to prepare so elaborate a sauce as this, serve the chops simply with mustard or maitre d'hotel butter. Most people like the piquante sauce with pork-chops or pork-tenderloins. Pork-chops look especially nice arranged around a little mound of mashed potatoes.

The Plague of Field Mice.

In Scotland, where the field mice have become such a plague that a commission of the Department of Agriculture is investigating the matter, the increase of mice is attributed to the killing of weasels and birds of prey by hunters. The same conclusions have been reached by intelligent farmers in many parts of this country. The states of Pennsylvania and Colorado offered a bounty for the heads of hawks and other birds of prey, and in consequence most of them were killed off. Soon field mice, gophers and ground squirrels increased so fast that the farmers would gladly pay a bounty to persons who would breed hawks and other large birds.—[The Stockman

A STATUE OF SILVER.

Montana's Splendid Contribution to the World's Fair.

A statue of Justice in solid silver, eight feet high, costing $50,000 and standing upon $250,000 worth of gold compressed into a pedestal—this will be one of the exhibits at the World's Fair coming from Montana. The pedestal will represent the largest lump of gold ever seen. Sculptor R. H. Park will receive $10,000 for the model. Never in the history of the world has a statue of heroic proportions been cast wholly in precious metals except, perhaps, one of Cleopatra, the existence of which was never authenticated. The cost of the casting cannot be estimated yet. The work will be done by the most expert silversmiths in the country. Every possible precaution will be taken to prevent the tarnishing of the statue during the Exposition season.

Miss Ada Rehan has consented to be the model for Mr. Park's statue. Miss Rehan was one of the first thought of, as she is considered to be physically one of the most perfect types of American womanhood.

The figure will represent Justice standing on the globe with advanced foot resting on the continent of North America. In her left hand she holds balances equally poised, one side of which is piled with gold and the other with silver coin. In her right hand she holds the sword with arm extended. From an artistic standpoint the design is perfect in its details, and taken as a whole the effect will be striking and essentially pleasing both to the artist and layman.

SILVER STATUE FROM MONTANA.

An Experience in the Charleston Earthquake.

After a few hours of pleasant conversation, one of my friends said it was time to leave. Taking out his watch, he continued, "six minutes of ten, and—what is that?" A low, deep, rumbling noise as of thunder, only beneath instead of above us, coming from afar and approaching us nearer and nearer, muttering and groaning, and ever increasing in volume—it was upon us in an instant.

The massive brick house we were in began to sway from side to side—gently at first with a rhythmical motion, then gradually increasing in force, until, springing to our feet, we seized one another by the hand and gazed with blanched and awe-struck faces at the tottering walls around us. We felt the floor beneath our feet heaving like the deck of a storm-tossed vessel, and heard the crash of the falling masonry and ruins on every side. With almost stilled hearts we realized that we were within the power of an earthquake. The motion of the house, never ceasing, became now vertical. Up and down it went as though some monstrous giant had taken it in his hands as a plaything, and were tossing it like a ball for his amusement. Recalling our dazed senses, and staggering to our feet as best we could, with one accord we rushed down the steps leading to the front door, and, grasping the handle, turned it. In vain—the door was jammed, and we were compelled to wait like rats in a trap until the shock passed!

Concentrating its energies into one final, convulsive effort, the huge earth-wave passed, and left the earth palpitating and heaving like a tired animal. There came crashing down into our garden-plot the chimneys from the house in front of ours. Fortunately the falling bricks injured none of us. Making another trial, we succeeded in opening the door and rushed into the street.

Now there came upon us an overpowering, suffocating odor of sulphur and brimstone, which filled the whole atmosphere. We were surrounded by a crowd of neighbors—men, women, and children—who rushed out of their houses as we had done, and who stood with us in the middle of the street, awaiting they knew not what.

Suddenly there came again to our ears the now dreaded rumbling sound. Like some fierce animal, growling and seeking its victim, it approached, and we all prepared ourselves for the worst. The shock came, and for a moment the crowd was awed into silence. Fortunately this shock was not nearly so severe as the first. The earth became still once more, and the roaring died away in the distance.

How the people shunned their houses, and spent that and succeeding nights in the streets, private gardens, and on public squares, is well known from the many accounts given in the daily and illustrated papers at the time.

So perfectly still and calm was the air during the night, that a lamp which was taken out in the open air burnt as steadily as though protected in a room, and no flickering revealed the presence of a breath of air.

Again, some strong and powerful buildings, in certain portions of the city, were wrecked completely, while others older and undoubtedly weaker passed through the shock unharmed. A house on one corner was perfectly shattered, while, just a few hundred feet away, the house on the opposite corner was not damaged in the slightest except that a little plastering was shaken down.—St. Nicholas.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Michigan License May Be Revoked—His Arm Sawed Off—Presented a Bust of John J. Bagley—Condition of the State Banks.

From Far and Near.

JUDGE A. C. BALDWIN AND WIFE of Pontiac celebrated their golden wedding.

JOHN BENTLEY, a well-known Saginaw engineer, was badly burned about the head by the explosion of a lamp.

A 2-YEAR-OLD daughter of W. W. Newcomb, of West Bay City, died from injuries received in falling from a chair.

THE Sheriff of Montmorency County, who is compelled to also do all janitor work in the jail, gets the enormous salary of $450.

PADDY MCDANNAH, a noted Ripley character, in a row the other day, had an eye injured so badly that he will lose the use of the organ.

AT Saginaw George Lee was bound over to the Circuit Court on a charge of criminally assaulting Mamie Steve. In default of $1,000 bail he will spend his time in jail.

CLAUDE BENNETT, of Alleytown, while out rabbit hunting accidentally discharged his gun, and the shot lodged in his arm near the elbow joint, fracturing both bones.

ED WHITE, reported to have died at the Sault in a fit, is supposed to be Edward Guiette, of Saginaw. When steps were taken to identify him, it was found that the man was only in a trance.

MARTIN ENGLEBRECHT, owner of a hardwood saw mill in Cheboygan County, was knocked against a circular saw by a rolling log. His arm was cut off close to the shoulder, and sawed into several pieces.

JOHN F. ARNOTT, of the Sault, will build a mill with a capacity of 30,000 feet of lumber and 40,000 shingles per day, at Finland Siding, the place where the D., S. S. & A. crosses the middle branch of the Ontonagon River.

MISS CLARA J. ATKINSON of Port Huron, daughter of O'Brien Atkinson, and John J. Cronin of Toronto were married. Miss Frane Boynton, daughter of Major N. S. Boynton, and Jesse D. Patterson were married at the same place.

GERTIE, the 4-year-old daughter of Wm. Burns, of Crow Island, died from the effects of burns received through setting fire to her clothes while playing with matches. The child, as she rushed about fighting the flames, was a fearful sight.

LEONARD H. DEFORNETMONT, a sculptor of note, who has been decorated by Leopold II. of Belgium, has presented the State of Michigan with a magnificent bust of the late ex-Gov. John J. Bagley. The bust, which is forty-five inches high, is mounted on a pedestal. It was placed in the gallery adjoining the executive office at Lansing.

VINCENT BIELAK, a Buena Vista constable, lost his star. A jeweler found it and thought he'd play a good trick on Bielak by selling his official insignia to him and returning on the next day the money paid for it. When the constable learned that he had been compelled to purchase what really belonged to him, he got hot and had the jeweler arrested. Explanations were made, and everything was satisfactorily settled.

MR. SHERWOOD, Commissioner of Banking, issued a statement of the condition of the 136 State banks and three trust companies of the State as shown by reports made at the close of business Sept. 30. The total reserves are given at $1,213,426.93, and the combined capital $10,941,409.67. The total deposits were $63,711,701.87, of which $36,959,572.87 were savings deposits. Since July 12, the date of the last report, the total deposits increased $3,973,437.63 and the savings $1,053,201.33.

THE Lansing Insurance Department is without official information from the Insurance Commissioner of Ohio of the condition of the Ohio Farmers' Insurance Company. An inquiry has been wired him, but no reply has been received. If the report of condition as published be verified by the Ohio Commissioner it will represent an impairment of nearly 45 per cent. of its capital, while an impairment of 15 per cent. debars it from doing business in Michigan, and the Commissioner will promptly revoke its license as a stock company.

STANDISH Catholics dedicated a new $4,000 church.

ALPENA has shipped 150,521,000 feet of lumber this season.

THE Grand Trunk will build an iron foundry at Port Huron.

THE prosecuting attorney of Schoolcraft County gets a salary of $400.

THE first State savings bank has been organized in Northville, with a capital of $25,000.

ALPENA is negotiating with a Pennsylvania firm which wants to establish a box factory there.

PAULINA GILLSON, of Victory, is serving a sentence in jail for assaulting one of her own daughters.

CHAS. PROUPARD, of Monroe, fell on the dock. He broke several ribs and was otherwise injured.

LERICK WELLS, of Saginaw, was accidentally shot in the neck while out hunting. He may recover.

DURING a heavy windstorm, near Springport, a barn belonging to H. Sibley was blown down upon two horses and three head of cattle. A 2-year-old colt was killed.

AT Carrollton, fire was started in some unknown way in George Sleetry's residence. Owing to the high wind the flames spread rapidly and the Postoffice, three grocery stores, two saloons, a butcher shop, and four dwellings were burned with all contents. Loss about $10,000, with one-half that amount of insurance.

ALGER, BLISS & CO. will cut 25,000,000 feet of Canadian timber and take it to their mill at Zilwaukee, near Saginaw.

THE Board of Control of the School for the Blind has established a rule that any pupil found using tobacco shall be disciplined; for the second offense they shall be disciplined and reported to the board; and for the third offense they are liable to expulsion. The use of tobacco at the School for the Blind for many years has been a source of great annoyance, and it is hoped that these stringent rules will have the effect of driving the filthy weed from the school.

THE Teachers' League of Monroe County met at Monroe and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, H. W. Honey, Monroe; Secretary, Miss L. G. Vivian, Carleton. Plenty of funds are on hand for the next year.

THE latest swindling scheme in Southwestern Michigan is worked by a smooth individual, who visits Grand Army posts with the ostensible purpose of writing up a sketch of the local organization to appear in a volume soon to be published. He secures signatures to the biographies of several of the most well-to-do veterans, which in a few days turn up as promissory notes in the hands of innocent holders.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

THE WIRES UNDER THE SEA.—The world's submarine cables now measure about 143,011 nautical miles, in 1,168 sections. Different governments control 833 sections, or 13,383 miles—France claiming 3,269 miles, Great Britain 1,519, Germany 1,597, and Italy 1,027 miles. The remaining 335 cables, aggregating 129,028 miles are owned by private companies. This great length of cable has been nearly all made on the banks of the Thames, but Italy now has a cable factory, and France will soon have two. To lay and repair the cables requires the constant service of a specially equipped fleet of 37 vessels, of 56,955 tons.

GROWTH-MOVEMENTS OF PLANTS.—Photography is marvellously widening our field of vision. It has shown us millions of stars hitherto unknown, it has revealed astonishing details of animal locomotion and caught the rifle bullet in its flight, and it is now being made to record the movements of the growing parts of plants. Especially curious are the results with certain climbers, such as the hop-convolvulus, pamoca, etc. The young stems move in a succession of irregular circular or elliptical curves, which vary every moment, even in direction, and are due to irregular growth in different parts of the stem. During the sleep of plants, movements do not cease, but consist of alternate upward and downward vibrations.

CHEMICAL PRODUCTION OF LIFE.—If science has limitations, man is slow to recognize them, and at least one eminent French biologist contends that it is not folly to expect that human intelligence will even create life itself from inorganic matter! Not an insect, a bird or a man—the student's aspirations do not soar to such complex creations—but simply a one-celled organism, a living lump of protoplasm. This, says a reviewer of M. Armand Sabatier, may possibly be done, and is even a probability, though the reason why the particular chemical mixtures should give life may remain forever a mystery. Modern chemists have produced by synthesis many substances which occur in nature only as products of living matter, but it has been argued that these—such as alcohol, urea and formic acid—are the products only of the decay of the living creature, and that, while the artificial formation of the cellule may be provoked, the materials of which it is made cannot be reproduced. This objection has been now swept away by the artificial building up of the peptones—that is, the nourishment of the higher creatures, the food albumen as transformed by the digestive process and made ready for immediate assimilation. Chemistry, moreover, has given isomeric changes in a number of bodies, and in the view of M. Sabatier nothing repels the hope that, having produced from albumen a non-living creature, it will one day be able to determine the isomeric change which will make it a living creature. What then?

The Ticket Seller's Parrot.

Ben Lusbie, who for fifteen years was one of the greatest features of Barnum's circus in the capacity of "lightning ticket seller," had a wonderful parrot, which had been presented to him by one of the canvasmen of the show, who was at one time a sailor on a steamer plying between Boston and Fernandino, in the Bahamas. Lusbie used to have a way of quieting the scrambling mob of the ticket-purchasers around the ticket wagon by saying: "Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen." "There's plenty of time." "Don't crowd each other." "One at a time, gentlemen," and such like expressions. The parrot, which was perched upon the safe in the wagon just back of Lusbie, got to learn these little speeches after a season's tour and often broke out in a piercing squawk with one of them, much to Lusbie's amusement. The parrot, which was quite a little vagabond, broke loose from her fetters one day and flew over into a neighboring woods, near the circus grounds.

A searching party was made up, and they had not proceeded far before they heard a vast racket, apparently made by squawking birds. Hastening to the scene they found poor Polly clinging as best she could to the limb of a dead tree, surrounded by a screaming flock of crows. The parrot had only two or three tail feathers left, and the hostile crows were striking, pecking and plucking her right and left. Hanging on as best she could the parrot was shrilly screaming, "One at a time, gentlemen!" "Don't crowd there!" "Take your time!" "There's plenty more left."—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

Sweet-Faced Japanese.

A writer says that perhaps the secret of the sweet expression and habitual serenity of Japanese women can be found in their freedom from small worries. The fashion of dress never varying saves the wear of mind on that subject, and the bareness of the houses and simplicity of diet makes housekeeping a mere bagatelle. Everything is exquisitely clean, and easily kept so. There is no paint, no drapery, no crowd of little ornaments, no coming into the houses with the footwear worn in the dusty streets.

And then the feeling of living in rooms that can be turned into balconies and verandas at a moment's notice, of having walls that slide away as freely as do the scenes on the stage, and let in all out-of-doors, change the suites of rooms to the shape and size that the whim of the day or the hour requires. Well, perhaps Buffalo women are not as sweet and serene as they might be, but Buffalo is not Japan. Women here cannot live in houses that can be turned into verandas at a moment's notice. There are seasons and days in Buffalo when piazza life is not inviting. The Japanese women, moreover, probably do not reside with "ladies" who are continually giving them "a week's notice."—[Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial.

A Hungry Man's Dream.

One of the worst evils attending penal servitude is said to be the hunger which assails a man with a healthy appetite during the first few months or years of his imprisonment. A man who has just done a long term for forgery says: "I used to go to bed every night pinched by hunger. I began dreaming of banquets, and would have thought nothing strange about it had it the same dream come to me every night. The banquet was always the same, in the same place and I always had the same place at the table.

The exasperating thing about it was that just as the first course was offered I always awoke, so that even in my dreams I was not permitted to taste of the munificent spread which was nightly presented to me in my sleep. I dreaded to go to bed because the dream tortured me. It only made me the hungrier, and I then understood the agony of Tantalus, the fabled hero who was tortured with thirst and to whose lips the waters were ever coming and receding just as he was in the act of taking a drink."—[Boston Globe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful, in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

READ all of the advertisements in this paper. The information you will obtain will do you good.

COLUMBUS astounded the world, but if we could have the great mariner here just now, how we would astound Columbus!

THE Legislature of Massachusetts decreed that the deadly car stove must go and that coaches be heated by steam. The old Bay State occasionally hits the nail on the head.

REMEMBER that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous and genius contemptible.

ENGLISH missionaries in China are again the victims of unsparing mobs. We are assured that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, but seed in the Orient seems to be falling upon barren ground.

A SCHOOL of art or of anything else, is to be looked on as a single individual, who keeps talking to himself for a hundred years and feels an extreme satisfaction with his own circle of favorite ideas, be they ever so silly.

THINK not that guilt requires the burning torches of the Furies to agitate and torment it. Frauds, crimes, remembrances of the past, terrors of the future—these are the domestic Furies that are ever present to the mind of the impious.

TRUE politeness is the spirit of benevolence showing itself in a refined way. It is the expression of good-will and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be a part of religious training.

THE League base-ball season is ended, and admirers of the game note a decadence of the popularity so long enjoyed by professional teams. Munificent salaries are a thing of the past, and amateur organizations are forging to the front. The craze that netted big profits and pervaded every class has gone out.

A RESIDENT of Chicago being discharged by his employer, was advised at the same time to drown himself. He promptly did this, his habit of obedience having been too firmly fixed to be swerved by a mere discharge. Now the widow thus created sues the ex-employer for $50,000, for being the promulgator of fatal advice. This set of facts will afford justice an opportunity to use her finest scales.

DURING a recent discussion of war and defense, Edison declared that, with a head of water and a handful of men, he could defy an army. He would surround his fort by an immense electric plant, supply his men with hose, and, when the enemy came within his circuit, play streams of water on them which would make them the connecting link in a powerful current and mow them down by hundreds.

RUMOR has it that King Charles of Roumania will abdicate June 1 in favor of Prince Ferdinand, who is soon to be married to Princess Marie. King Charles and Carmen Sylva will have a combined civil list of $180,000 annually and the King's private income is $350,000. What a poetess and a book collector, with a joint income of $530,000, want of a kingdom is, indeed, hard to see.

THE rain-makers were always successful in wet weather, but when a drought was prevailing their chemicals wouldn't work, or the wind blew in the wrong direction, or their stove-pipe wasn't tall enough; there was always something wrong. And so the farmers lost faith in them, as was only right and natural; and now they will organize picnics in the good old way when rain is needed, and then rain will come.

ACCORDING to the latest fashion news from London ladies will wear the hair high this season and the hat will be perched on top thereof. The crown will be loftier than during the summer and has already grown an inch or more skyward. In addition to all this, upstanding ostrich tips and antennæ will be favorite styles of trimming. This is bad news for theater-goers, but the day of retribution is near at hand. A public sentiment is growing that will in time cause a lady to remove her hat while in the theater or be considered ill-mannered. The sex are demanding so many of man's rights and functions they must also assume some of his duties and give up a few of their petty and annoying tyrannies.

NOTHING is simpler or easier than the power of pleasing. It does not require any peculiar talents or any superhuman effort. It is not confined to any condition of life, nor is it dependent on surrounding circumstances. All it demands is the presence of a sympathetic spirit, a willingness to be pleased, a desire to see the bright side of things and to discover the best points in people; a frankness and openness of disposition, a readiness to leave self and other engrossing objects and to enter heartily into subjects more generally acceptable. Whoever will cultivate these qualities and habits of mind, will find a new life opening within him—a life that will be fuller and richer in its own happiness, because it will be constantly increasing that of his fellow men.

THE Chicago dedication parade made one thing quite evident—there are numerous brutes and plug-uglies on the police force who are a disgrace to the city. The throngs that filled the streets of Chicago were not a mob or a riot. They were good-natured American citizens, and the guests of Chicago, all gathered for a holiday. Never had a more manageable throng collected on any occasion. There was nothing to excite the brutality of the police, and, in the management of such a concourse, even severity is uncalled for. Nevertheless, acts of barbarity were frequent. Women were roughly and indecently handled, men were clubbed, and profanity and obscenity heard on all sides from the mouths of policemen. It is fortunate that all this happened during dedication week. Next year the city will be filled for months with crowds much larger than those which are here at present, made up largely of visitors from foreign lands. For the honor of the city and the whole country the brutes and plug-uglies should be weeded out of the police force. Major McClaughry and his leading subordinates are gentlemen, and certainly do not wish to be held responsible for the vile language and outrageous conduct of the men under their charge. Several cowardly and brutal acts were witnessed by distinguished people in the procession of that day, and commented on. The city is already sufficiently humiliated. If Major McClaughry cannot prevent his officers from assaulting women and inoffensive citizens, he certainly can prohibit the common use of profane and vile language.

THE announcement that Li Hung Chang is insane will not greatly agitate America, but in far Asia it is momentous news. Had Bismarck in the plenitude of his power suddenly lost his mind the fact would have been no more startling to Europe than the insanity of Li Hung Chang is to Eastern Asia. Li Hung Chang must be ranked among the most remarkable and influential statesmen of the century. He has long been the first political subject in China and the virtual ruler of the country. As Prime Minister of the empire and at the same time Viceroy of one of its chief provinces, his power has been almost absolute. He was the most intelligent, sagacious and progressive of the nation's great men and singularly free from the common egotism and prejudices of his countrymen. Hence he was hospitable to foreign ideas. He was quick to perceive that the "foreign devils" of America and Europe excelled the Chinese in the useful arts, and as much as was possible he appropriated to the advantage of the Chinese foreign industrial inventions and methods. He appreciated the wonderful advantages of railway transportation, and it has been reported that he was personally desirous of establishing a railway system in China but this was more than he was able to accomplish in the present stage of Chinese civilization. He employed Americans and Europeans freely in the Chinese army and navy, with the result of greatly improving both branches of the service. His misfortune obscures the bravest and most intelligent native genius in the Chinese Empire, and it will prove a calamity of world-wide consequences if the reactionary sentiment against which he was the chief barrier shall become ascendant.

Helpful Ailments.

In England gout is a very prevalent and painful disease. In this country it is less common. Our climate inclines us to excessive mental activity. As a result of this the brain appropriates nervous force at the expense of the digestive system, and so disposes us to dyspepsia; but dyspepsia compels its victims, in spite of themselves, to indulge somewhat sparingly in rich food, in the too free eating of which gout originates.

Of the two diseases, dyspepsia is to be preferred. It seldom interferes with the day's work, and, except in very obstinate cases, is almost certain to be relieved by proper diet and exercise.

Sick headache may often be counted in the class of helpful ailments, though it is a "bitter pill." There are two forms of it; one has its primary source in the brain, the other in the stomach. In both cases there is commonly some hereditary tendency to the disease, but the exciting cause is overwork; of the brain in one case, of the stomach in the other.

The headaches necessitate occasional rest, while the dread of them acts as a constant check upon the tendencies which might otherwise result in great harm. Indeed, attention to diet, with a little letting down of the average cerebral activity, professional, business or domestic, will generally insure a comparative immunity from attack.

Acute rheumatism often gives rise to permanent heart trouble. Chronic rheumatism, on the contrary, may be healthful in cases of heart disease. For instance, enlargement of the heart tends to increase until it reaches the dangerous limit. The patient's safety depends largely on his training himself to such habits as reduce strain on the heart, and rheumatic joints in the lower limbs are an admirable aid in this respect. The former rapid movements cease. A fatal running to meet the cars or the ferryboat is out of the question. The rheumatism is an uncomfortable companion, no doubt, but it may help to a long life—a decade or more, perhaps, beyond the three score and ten.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

To Make Money at a Dull Season—A Cheap and Handy Feed Cutter—Arrangement for Sorting Potatoes—Should Have a Good Lawn, Etc.

A Good Sheep Shelter.

A successful sheep raiser shelters his flock in the convenient shed shown in our illustration. The only bought lumber is for the ends. The frame is

A CONVENIENT SHED FOR SHEEP.

made of posts and poles, hewed only near the mortises and tenons, and sloping gently back to a low and tight stone wall. The forward pitch is steeper and shorter, reaching to within four and a half feet of the ground. The roof is made of slabs and poles covered with long swail grass, two feet deep at the eaves and eight feet at the ridge, and built like a stack to shed rain. The posts stand on flat stones to prevent decay. Board eaves troughs carry the water to the sides to prevent a mudhole in front, and the ground slopes away from the shelter. The shed opens to the south, allowing the sun to shine in, but excluding the prevailing winds. During lambing time, one part of the shed is boarded up close and warm for ewes and young lambs. Movable feed racks extend from the front to within three feet of the back wall. The manure is not cleaned out until spring. Abundant bedding is used, and the dry compost thus made is a rich fertilizer. This shed is twenty-five by sixty feet, and will easily hold 100 sheep.—American Agriculturists.

Sorting Potatoes Made Easy.

Make a box 12 feet long and 4 feet wide, like the illustration, with three

partitions, the back piece should be about 4 feet high, the next 3 feet, and the next 1½ feet high. Nail pickets on for screens. Put them rather close together on the first incline, and further apart on the second. This sorts them in three grades. Shovel them on the top or first incline and poke them down, and you have them sorted in three grades.—Practical Farmer.

Money at a Dull Season.

If one has a shop, hen-house, barn or tight shed with a southern exposure and glass, he can put in a second-hand stove at a cost of $1 or $2, keep the place warm with waste wood, which abounds on most farms, and start plants for the gardens of his neighbors and of those in the surrounding villages. These will include cabbage, tomato, pepper, egg, celery, and other plants. If the room is not the warmest it makes no difference, and if the plants grow slowly they will be hardier and give better satisfaction in transplanting. At 6in high these seddings will be ready for sale and should command 25c per dozen at least, if sold in little boxes filled with earth. The boxes of thrifty plants can be readily sold from house to house or left at the stores on commission. The grower will be astonished by a neat little sum from no apparent outlay. A room 10x12 is large enough for a starter. If it is dark, insert some sashes, which may be made cheaply. Have the sashes 3x6ft and let the middle supports for the glass run lengthwise only. When setting the glass let it lap, but be sure that it does not extend over the next pane more than ¼ in. To make these plants the best for looks and growth, sow the seeds in fine, rich soil and transplant them an inch apart at 1 inch high. They will not be retarded long and will grow more rapidly than ever. Before being finally placed in the boxes for sale, they should be transplanted a second time into boxes and beds and 2x3in apart. Nothing is more important for their appearance and after-growth than two or three transplantings.

Protect the Sheep.

The tendencies at present are for more sheep on the farms; and more should be kept, especially on dairy farms. The great drawback has been the cur dogs, and if it were not for these a great many more sheep would have been kept. The Legislature should give us a good fair dog law, but until we have it we must devise some means to protect ourselves. One good way of protection is to fence in small fields with chicken wire or woven wire fences. Another is by the use of portable hurdles which may be moved every day or two. Still another way is by the use of bells on the sheep's neck, using one to every eight sheep. These will not only scare the dogs when they get in with the sheep, but will give alarm. Sheep owners should have a good rifle handy and send all dogs that are found in the flock "over the river."—Farm and Home.

Wintering Geraniums.

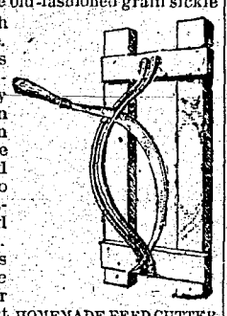
For the last five years, says a correspondent, I have kept my bedding geraniums in the cellar over winter, and the plan has proved a very successful one. The plants are left in their beds, covering them at night to protect from frost till the approach of severely cold weather; then they are dug carefully to preserve the roots. At least two-thirds of the tops are cut off and the plants closely packed in strong, deep boxes with the roots well covered with earth which is sifted and packed among them. After being thoroughly watered the boxes are placed in the shade for a few days, and stored in a dry cellar till spring. They require no further attention than an occasional watering. When removed from the cellar in the following April or May the plants are covered with new shoots, and are gradually exposed to the sun till the time to again transplant their beds on the lawn. The stocks being large and strong, in a few weeks the beds are beautiful with foliage, and soon present a mass of flowers.

Experiments With Potatoes

In experiments at the Utah Station for various purposes, it was found that depth of planting did not materially affect the total yield of the crop. Also that when they were planted near the surface the tubers contained 23.1 per cent more starch than when planted deep, and were therefore worth 33.5 per cent more for eating purposes besides being more palatable. Shallow tillage, and even no tillage was better than deep tillage, a fact which we hope will not lead to careless culture. Eight inches apart in the rows was found to be the limit of greatest production, as the yield of a greater or less distance diminished. Increasing the distance between the rows did not appear to decrease the yield. Close planting resulted in an increase of moisture and a decrease of starch in the tubers. Planting nearer than one foot in rows three feet apart is not recommended. In the production of potatoes, quality should be one of the prime considerations, since they hold such an important position in family use.

Cheap Feed Cutter.

The handy feed cutter shown in the engraving, has a steel knife made the shape of the old-fashioned grain sickle but with wider blade. Two pieces of one-fourth by one inch iron are bent in the same shape, and bolted to pieces fastened to feed room wall. The irons should be just far enough apart,



HOMEMADE FEED CUTTER

to allow the knife to pass down between them. The knife is raised, the sheaf placed under, and the cut made. The sickle must be kept very sharp to do good work. Care must be taken that the fingers are not caught and wounded while slicing the feed. Turnips and sugar beets may be sliced with this contrivance. The chief advantage in cutting hay is that grain may be mixed with the food. Sliced roots are much easier eaten by cows and sheep than the compact large roots. It is well to moisten chopped hay before feeding.—American Agriculturist.

Poultry Pickings.

GIVE the chickens fine gravel and let them help themselves.

IF poultry are confined, if they are not given a good variety they eat much that had better be let alone.

IN very hot weather see that the chickens have some chance to get into the shade. Too hot a sun is not good.

THE nests and roosts should always be easy of access in order to make the work of keeping down the lice much easier.

WHILE chickens thrive best in small numbers or flocks, ducks seem to do better when a large number are kept together.

ONE advantage with geese is that they are hardy, easily raised and require less care and expensive food than any other class of fowls.

ON large farms there is no reason why the chickens' runs should not be very large, as the ground can be put to few uses that will pay better.

Working and Packing Butter.

Butter for immediate use need not be worked as clean as that which is to be kept for some time. The nutty flavor of butter is caused by the formation of a volatile oil known as butyric acid and by the action of a ferment in the cheesy matter of the butter. If this takes place too quickly and there is too much of it present, the butter becomes rancid, while if the butter is washed very clean and all the buttermilk taken out, the action is delayed. To pack butter for keeping it should be salted (1 oz. to the pound) after washing thoroughly, and packed in clean or new tubs. First scald the tub, rinse it with cold water, then with cold brine, and rub the inside lightly with fine salt. Pack the butter firmly to exclude the air, and to within a half inch at the top. Sprinkle with salt and cover with cloth a little larger than the top. Press this down and cover with salt, then put on the cover and fasten down tightly. Keep the tubs in a clean, dry and cold cellar.

Hints To Housekeepers.

A SLICE of tomato rubbed over the hands will remove berry stains.

CARPETS if well sprinkled with salt and then wiped with cloth squeezed out of warm water containing a spoonful of spirits of turpentine to every quart, will look bright and new, and will not be troubled with moths and buffalo bugs.

TO AVOID duplicating wedding gifts in silver, it would be wiser to give a friend fine linen. Really fine linen to be used on special occasions will last a long time, and the happy bride who receives it will always bless you for aiding her in making her table handsome.

FOR the distruction of the mosquito Prof. Riley, in his Lowell Institute lecture, recommends pyrethrum powder moistened, made into little cones, then allowed to dry, and burned in a close room. The effect is to stupefy or kill the mosquito. The professor does not think it is true that mosquito bites sometimes inoculate the body with malarial poison.

TO COOK asparagus cut in half-inch pieces a large bunch of asparagus; begin at the top and cut till you reach the hard butts. Put these aside to flavor soup with, and put the tender pieces in a stewpan, with a little water. Cook for 15 or 20 minutes, when the water should be nearly boiled away. Add a quart of milk, butter the size of an egg, bring to a boil, season with salt and pepper, have two eggs well beaten; let it just stop boiling; stir in the eggs, which must be only scalded, not cooked hard.

HAPPY AND HOPEFUL.

Geronimo and His Followers Gradually Being Trained to Ways of Civilization.

Gradually the Indian, even the most savage, is showing signs of susceptibility to the influences of civilization, and the generally accepted belief that he and the customs of social life were incompatible is no longer received without a question. When Geronimo and his band of braves surrendered a few years ago to General Crooke it was deemed an almost impossible

GERONIMO, THE FAMOUS APACHE CHIEF.

task to tame the fierce spirit of the warriors who had cost the nation so much in money and blood, but the experiences of to-day teach differently, and the Apaches who then spread death and destruction in their path now stretch forth their arms in contact with nineteenth century civilization. After Geronimo and his band surrendered they were confined in Florida as prisoners, but the climate was less merciful to them than that of Arizona and many of them sickened and pined away and died. The survivors, between 300 and 400, were removed to a military station at Mount Vernon, Ala., but they have so demonstrated their adaptability to civilized life that they are no longer treated as prisoners and ply their va-

PARTLY CIVILIZED APACHE FAMILY AT MOUNT VERNON.

rious business occupations, earning money and laying by their savings for the proverbial rainy day. Every thing wears a happy, hopeful aspect. never become wholly civilized, they look upon it favorably, and their children are fast drinking in the sweets of education.

Some three years ago a number of Boston people established a school at Mount Vernon, Ala., for the education of Indian children. A building was erected and placed in charge of the Misses Shepard, two young ladies of rare refinement, who took the practical view of civilizing at home before seeking subjects in the tree tops or caves of the Orient. These ladies have accomplished wonders,

LOCO, AN APACHE CHIEF.

when one takes into consideration the careless freedom of the Indian child and its antipathy to discipline. By a system of presents, simple and inexpensive, the love of the little one was won, and when the ground was prepared the seeds of education were carefully and judicially planted. Generally the boys take deeper interest in their studies and pursue knowledge further than the girls, for the latter become belles at 13 or 14 and are more solicitous for beaux than books. There are several classes among the children. Those of the more advanced grade are well versed

AN APACHE CHILD AT MOUNT VERNON.

in geography and their knowledge of it would compare well with that of the pupils of our common schools. Sunday school is also held and so deep an interest is taken in the work that many of the grown-up Indians attend. To insure cleanliness, which is next to godliness, a weekly inspection of the children is held, and the parents vie in having their little ones look clean and neat. The little copper-colored faces fairly shine after the vigorous polishing administered to them by their mothers. The children are taught to sing and the voices of the little ones sound as sweet and harmonious as those of any Sunday school in the land as they ring forth in the good old hymns that reach a tender spot in the heart of every believer in Christianity.

Beside the school building, barracks, and homes of the Indians, there has been a hospital recently established where the sick are well cared for. At first the Indians were averse to entering the wards, but the few who entered spoke so highly of the kindness received that now all the sick are anxious to be taken into such comfortable quarters. Should an Apache die while in hospital, friends bring the body to the woods, where it is disposed of, but the spot of interment is never divulged. The adults employ their time in making bows and arrows, baskets, water jugs, placques, and in chicken farming. Their water pitchers are unique. They are made of wicker and are coated on the inside with a resinous preparation that renders them impervious to water, while at the same time it assumes a very polished appearance. The weaving of blankets, which are models of workmanship, occupies much of the time of the women.

Of the old chiefs at Mount Vernon, Loco is the most disposed to civilization. Geronimo at first yearned for his old-time freedom, and in his face there was a tinge of sadness and in his heart deep sorrow over his restraint. But the longing feeling has now nearly departed and Geronimo looks more favorably on his surroundings. Like the rest of his people, he is intelligent and possessed of natural keenness. The Apaches are not as sluggish or debauched as the Sioux; but when on the warpath they even exceed them in cruelty and wantonness. The hope of the "colony," however, is based not upon the old chiefs but upon the children. They are very quick to learn and generally docile. Nothing pleases the little girls better than to watch the lady visitors to the station and to examine the make up and colors of their dresses and bonnets. They are as susceptible to Dame Fashion as any of their pale-faced sisters.

A Spanish Election.

The Spanish regard for a fine bull is well known. Very often the animals of the bull-ring are as famous as the toreadors. According to a report in a Spanish paper this regard for the bull was put to a very new and singular use in a town in the province of Toledo recently. An election was being held in the little town of Oropesa, where the ministerialists, or government party, and the Carlists, or Spanish "old-liners," were nearly of equal strength. Each party, therefore, was trying to prevent the other from polling its full vote.

The polling had gone on, without any apparent majority on either side until nearly the end of the day. All at once all the parties were greatly interested in the appearance of a superb bull, led by a countryman, exactly before every body took an interest in him.

Presently it was observed that as certain voters approached the door of the booth the bull made a sudden lunge toward them. This frightened them so that they took to their heels, and did not dare to approach the door again.

But when certain other voters came up, the bull stepped back politely and let them enter. In course of time it turned out that all the voters who had been frightened away were ministerialists, and all those whose who had been allowed to vote were Carlists.

When it was too late to change the result, and the Carlists had carried the day in Oropesa, it came out that the supposed countryman was a Carlist "heeler" in disguise, and that, by means of a bradded stick concealed under his flowing cape, he had goaded the bull forward whenever a ministerialist appeared, and urged him backward when a Carlist hove in sight!

Impromptu Speeches.

James Russell Lowell is recorded as saying that he always liked to prepare his impromptu speeches. At a dinner given to Mr. Longfellow during a visit to London, it was agreed that no set speeches should be made.

After the fruit and coffee had been discussed, Admiral Farragut arose, and protested that they could not dream of parting without hearing from Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone began by assuring the company that he was of the mind of Lord Palmerston, who said, "Better a dinner of herbs where no speaking is, than whitebait and oratory therewith."

His "remarks" developed into an eloquent oration. He had read the works of the American poet, and quoted passages from several of his poems, and concluded by paying a splendid tribute to Mr. Longfellow's attainments.

The subject of this superb panegyric was deeply touched, and replied without rising in a few happily chosen phrases, prefaced with the remark that in his case the pen was mightier than the tongue, and that he could not make an extempore speech.

Wages in Spain.

There are among Spanish mechanics some who get but $8.50 weekly in return for years of expensive education. From $700 to $1,000 will be found to be the average moderate remuneration for the ordinary Spanish engineer. Of course there are engineers, again, whose annual totals go beyond $2,000. Working sixty hours per week they will receive but $5 to $7. Only the extra good hands get the larger amount. As living is not cheap in the towns (about the same as in Paris or other big French villes) they are obliged to either go a rather long way to their suburban homes, or, if living in the city, to live poor and have less food and less pure air. Peddlers only earn 3½ to 4 pesetas daily. All salaries are usually paid fortnightly.

AMERICAN watch factories produce 95,000 watches per week, and about that number drift into the hands of the patient and ever-ready pawnbroker.

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Doings of Little Ones Gathered and Printed Here for Other Little Folks to Read.

When Mamma Comes Home Again.

Sing a song of keeping house,
Mamma's gone away.
Having all the work to do,
I and sister May.
When the sun was risen,
Papa says loud and clear,
"It's time that you were coming down
To get the breakfast, dear."

Washing up the dishes,
Scrubbing well the floor,
Cooking many wondrous things
Never seen before;
Dusting in the parlor
With all the bric-a-brac,
Running up the kitchen stairs
Forty times and back;

Hurrying to the garden
For berries for tea;
From morning until evening
Busy's we can be.
Of course we think it's jolly
And lots of fun, but then
We know it will be jollier
When mamma comes home again.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

Scriptural Authority.

Teacher—In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man shall have only one wife?

Little Boy—I guess it's the part that says no man can serve two masters.—Good News.

Perry's Query.

Perry has a very musical father and mother and the little lad knows good music from bad. His parents live in a city flat, and in the flat just above it one afternoon a young lady was trying to sing and not succeeding at all. Perry listened with a frowning brow for some time, and then said to his grandmother, "If this keeps up much longer, grandma, I shall die. And what do you think you'll do?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Advantage of Being Grown Up.

Bessie had been invited to auntie's to take tea. As night drew near she began to grow sleepy. "I shall be glad when I am a big woman," she said.

"Why will you?" asked auntie.

"Because I won't get sleepy so soon then," she answered.

"Perhaps you will," ventured auntie.

"Well, if I do," said Bessie, "I won't have to go to bed."—Harper's Young People.

Alice's Alphabet.

A is for wise little Alice herself,
Who wants to read All the big books on the shelf.
A wonderful Appetite truly has she,
For study—and Apples between you and me.

B is for Bob, one of Alice's Brothers,
He put on a Bonnet that once was his mother's,
And tied a Big Bow underneath his round chin;
How Alice did laugh when she chanced to come in!

C's for the Cream and the nice Crumbs of bread
Alice gave to the Cat when she Cried to be fed.
But the naughty Cat Climbed to the high Closet shelf
When no one was looking—and just helped

Had the Best of Him There.

"Hoh!" jeered Willie to his sister. "I'm a boy, and can climb trees."

"Pooh!" retorted his sister. "I'm a girl, and can sit still without wanting to climb trees."—Harper's Young People.

Didn't Use the Words.

One day Ralph used some naughty words to mamma. He said, "Shut up." Mamma punished him, and told him he must not use those words again. The next day it was rainy, and Ralph came home from school with his umbrella up. The catch bothered his little fingers, and he wanted to ask mamma to shut up his umbrella for him. "Mamma, won't you—I don't mean the naughty words, mamma, but won't you—pull the stick down?"—Youth's Companion.

What Polly Did.

"I feel as cross as a bear!" said Polly, as she came in from school.

"Then you have a good chance to make the family happy." And grandma smiled.

"Your mother has a headache, the baby wants to be amused, and little brother is fretful. A cross bear will make him cry, and then the baby will cry, too, and that will make your mother's headache worse, and——"

"Why, grandma, what do you mean?" interrupted Polly.

"Oh, I haven't finished what I want to say. That is what a cross bear will do, but a good-natured bear can make Jamie laugh, and then, perhaps, Jamie will make the baby laugh, and if your mother hears them perhaps her head won't ache so badly; and if she grows better it will surely make papa smile when he comes home; and if papa smiles I shall be happy, too."

"All right," said Polly. "You shall see what a good-natured bear can do."

She went into the nursery, and capered so comically that Jamie laughed with delight. Then she took his hand, and they danced back and forth before the baby, sitting in her high chair, that Jamie's laugh was soon echoed by little May.

Mother heard the happy little voices through the closed door, and said to grandma, "It is better than medicine to hear those dear children."

"That is what I told Polly," replied grandma.

At the tea-table papa said: "It is such a comfort to find mamma's headache is really better," and he smiled at Polly while grandma beamed at both of them as she poured the tea.

"It's like a Mother Goose story," said Polly. "The bear began to please the little brother, the little brother began to amuse the baby, the baby began to cure the mother, the mother began to comfort the father, the father began to cheer the grandma, the grandma began—she began it all!" and Polly stopped for want of breath.—Youth's Companion.

A Coincidence.

A deaf mute who was walking on the track of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad was killed by a locomotive. Two years before, he was struck, but not seriously injured, by the same locomotive, driven by the same engineer, and at nearly the same place.

The Avalanche.

J. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1892.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Election.

We have met the enemy, and we are *theirs*, but not on account of the democracy polling a larger vote than usual, but on account of Fusion. The *democrats* withdrew their electoral ticket in seven States in favor of the Third Party, and they have been carried by the combination. Nevertheless the democracy claims them and will get the benefit of their vote. There are some bright spots in the political sky, even if it is darkened. We will have a larger number of representatives in the lower house of Congress, but there will be a slight decrease in the upper. Michigan redeemed itself from the rule of the squawbucks. The republicans as far as heard from elect the State ticket; nine of the twelve congressmen; and will have a good working majority in both branches of the Legislature. The plurality on State ticket is about 20,000. Van Kleeck will have from 50 to 100 plurality in the old Tenth, which is a large gain over the vote of two years ago. The returns from the county are incomplete, but so far, show that the republican candidates for Judge of Probate, Clerk, Treasurer, Prosecuting Attorney and Coroners are defeated by small majorities. Van Kleeck, for Congress has 16 majority, and Blakley for Representative. 2. Unblushing fraud on the part of the democracy gave them a *partial* victory in this county, which is reliably republican on a fair vote, but the gain, was in favor of the republican ticket, as Weadock had 36 majority for congress, two years ago. Republicans by splitting their tickets, caused the loss of the other officers on the county ticket, who would have been elected in spite of fraud. This may learn them a lesson, that hereafter they will present an unbroken front to the enemy and give the election officers less trouble to count their ballots.

The latest returns give Cleveland 228 electoral votes; Harrison, 154, and 62 classed as doubtful.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS,

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY MICH.,

OCTOBER SESSION, 1892.

Minutes of proceedings of the Board of Supervisors of Crawford County, Michigan, at their annual meeting held at the Court House, in the village of Grayling, in said county, Oct, 10th, '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called, entire Board present

On motion of Supervisor Hanna, all bills were placed in the hands of the committee on Claims and Accounts.

On motion of Supervisor Lewis, the time for payment of the mortgage against the estate of Mrs. Betsy J. Moore, was extended one year.

Moved by Supervisor Niederer that the several Tax Rolls be placed in the hands of the committee on equalization.

Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Hum that the Reports of the several Township Clerks be read.

Carried.

Moved and supported that we adjourn until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Carried.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 11TH, 1892.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

On motion of Supervisor Hickey all bills read by the Clerk were placed in the hands of the committee on Claims and Accounts.

The Report of the Jail Inspectors was read and on motion of Supervisor Hum, was accepted, adopted and placed on file.

On motion of Supervisor Niederer the statement of State tax for 1892 from the Auditor General was placed in the hands of the committee on Apportionment.

On motion of Supervisor Niederer the several Tax certificates were placed in the hands of the following special committee as appointed by the Chair. Supervisors Lewis, Fauble and Hickey, the said committee is to investigate the condition of the same and report to this Board as soon as possible.

On motion the Board adjourned until 3 o'clock p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION OCT. 11th, 1892.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Moved and supported that the Board take a recess for 15 minutes.

Carried.

After reassembling of the Board a motion for adjournment until to-morrow morning at 9:30, prevailed.

MORNING SESSION, OCT., 12, '92

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Moved and supported that all bills be placed in the hands of the proper committee.

Carried.

On motion of Supervisor Lewis the following Report was accepted and adopted.

To the Board of Supervisors of Crawford county.

We the undersigned committee recommend that there be built a cellar under the Poor House, estimated cost $15 00.

CHAS. SILSBY, J. F. HUM, JOHN HANNA, } COM.

Moved and supported that we adjourn until 5 o'clock this afternoon.

Carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

On motion the bill of Thomas Wakeley was referred to the committee on Claims and Accounts.

Moved and supported that we now adjourn until to-morrow afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION, OCT. 13, '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

On motion the following petition was referred to the committee on County Poor.

To the Hon. The committee on County Poor;

Gentlemen, I beg leave to respectfully protest against the order of Superintendent of the poor, R. P. Forbes, that I must remove Julius Ruby, a paralytic, who is being boarded at the Poor House and under my charge, having been appointed Guardian by the Probate Court for the care of the said Julius Ruby, as I considered it to be an act of injustice that he should be removed at this time, as the estate of said Ruby will soon be expended and he will then become a county charge.

WRIGHT HAVENS,
Guardian for Julius Ruby.

On motion, Board adjourned until to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, in order to give the committees time to work.

MORNING SESSION FRIDAY OCT. 14, '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

On motion the report of the Superintendents of the poor was accepted and adopted.

Moved and supported that the list of repeted taxes, be placed in the hands of the committee on Apportionment.

Carried.

Moved and supported that we receive the motion to accept and adopt the report of the Superintendent of the Poor.

Carried.

Moved and supported that the report of the Superintendent of the Poor be referred to the committee on Finance.

Carried.

On motion of Supervisor Lewis the Bonsd adjourned until three o'clock this afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION, OCT. 14TH, '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Moved by Supervisor Hanna that the Clerk be authorized to purchase Poll Books and Talley Sheets for each Township.

Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Fauble, that we adjourn until nine o'clock, to-morrow morning.

Carried.

MORNING SESSION OCT. 15TH, '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Moved by Supervisor Lewis that all bills be placed in the hands of the proper committee.

Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Silsby, that we now adjourn until Monday, at 2 o'clock.

Carried.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 17TH, '92

Board met pursuant to adjournment

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Present. Supervisors Hum, Fauble, Niederer, Sherman, Lewis, Hanna, Hickey, Richardson and Silsby.

On motion of Supervisor Hum, the Board adjourned until to-morrow morning at 10 o'cock.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 18TH '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and appoved.

Moved by Supervisor Richardson that the following report of the committee on Equalization be accepted and adopted. Amended by Supervisor Hum that the Rolls stand as assessed except the Township of Blaine, which shall be reduced sixteen thousand dollars from the assessed Valuation, which amendment prevailed.

To the Hon. Board of Supervisors of Crawford county. Your committee on Equalization after examining the several assessment Rolls of said county for the year 1892, respectfully submit the following report, the Valuations are as follows:

Township.	Personal.	Real.	Total.
Ball,	$ 155	$ 48,560	$ 48,715
So. Br'ch.	846	64,960	65,306
Cen. Pl'hs	389	65,931	66,320
Br. Creek.	5,100	59,430	64,530
Grayling.	97,615	492,564	590,179
Grove.	785	114,070	114,855
Blaine.	19,775	61,885	81,460
Map. For.	29,200	130,747	159,945
Frederic.	21,075	169,230	171,405

We submit the following resolutions the remaining Towns to remain as assessed.

Blaine,	$ 15,000
Ball,	3,500
South Branch,	5,000
Center Plains,	5,000
Beaver Creek,	5,000

WILSON HICKEY, CHARLES SILSBY, } Com.

Moved and supported that the clerk read the report of the county Treasurer.

Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Lewis that the report of County Treasurer be placed in the hands of the Finance Committee.

Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Lewis that we adjourn until to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

Carried.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 19TH '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

On motion of Supervisor Lewis all bills were placed in the hands of the proper committee.

On motion of Supervisor Niederer the clerk was instructed to enter upon the Journal the aggregate valuation of the taxable, Real and Personal property of each Township as equalized viz.

South Branch,	$ 65,306
Ball,	48,715
Center Plains,	66,320
Beaver Creek,	64,530
Grayling,	590,179
Grove,	114,855
Blaine,	65,460
Maple Forest,	159,947
Frederic,	171,405

Moved by Supervisor Niederer that the Board consider the account of the County Treasurer in regard to the delinquent School Tax.

Carried.

On motion Board adjourned until 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Carried.

AFTERNOON SESSION, OCT. 19TH '92.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

On motion of Supervisor Fauble the Board adjourned until to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 20TH, '92

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Moved by Supervisor Silsby that the following report of the Finance committee be accepted and adopted.

Carried.

OCT. 19TH, 1892.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of the County of Crawford, and State of Michigan.

Your Committee an Finance recommend that we, as a Board of Supervisors, raise $12,000.00 on the taxable property of said county and we further recommend $500.00 be set aside for the Poor Fund.

Resp. submitted,

JOHN HANNA, W. T. LEWIS, GEO. FAUBLE, } COM.

Moved by Supervisor Neiderer that the following report of Special Committee to whom was referred the reports of the several Township Clerks be accepted and adopted.

Carried.

To the Hon. Board of Supervisors now in session. Your committee to whom was referred the several reports of the Township Clerks would report that we have had the same under consideration and find them correct.

W. T. LEWIS, WILSON HICKEY, GEORGE FAUBLE, } COM.

On motion of Supervisor Hum the election of one Superintendent of the Poor and one County School Examiner, was made the special order of business at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Moved by Supervisor Hum that J. J. Niederer receive the sum of fifteen cts. per description for the following work: Figuring out and apportioning Sheriff's fees and other charges on all the different descriptions of Land, on the Tax record and for recording the same on each description seperate. To figure out the total amount of charges and costs of each description seperate, to comparing and searching record, to find all descriptions paid and entering the same on the Tax Record.

To searching records during the period of *three months*, for information and correction of the Tax Record. To comparing and correcting Sheriff's bills and Tax Subpoenas returned. To entering the several decrees of the Circuit Judge, on each description, separate. To entering all the decrees withheld where taxes were paid.

The same expenses are all charged and apportioned to each description.

On motion Board adjourned until three o'clock this afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION OCT. 20TH '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair.

Roll called. Entire Board present.

On motion of Supervisor Hum, the resolution to pay J. J. Niederer fifteen cents per descriptive, for work on the Tax Record was accepted and adopted.

On motion of Supervisor Lewis the Chair appointed the following committee, to consider, recommend and report to the Board, the Salaries of the County officers. John J. Niederer, J. F. Hum and John Hanna.

Moved and supported that we proceed to an informal ballot for the election of Superintendent of the Poor.

Carried.

The result of the informal ballot was as follows:—Total vote, 9; of which Edward Smith, received 3; Joseph Royce, 4; J. S. Crego, 1; John Hum, 1.

On motion a second informal ballot was cast with the following result.

Total vote cast, 9; of which Joseph J. Royce received 4; Edward Smith 4; J. S. Crego 1.

The third informal ballot resulted as follows:—Total vote cast, 9; of which Joseph Royce received 4; Edward Smith, 5.

On motion of Supervisor Hickey, Edward Smith was declared Superintendent of the Poor.

The damage to oats and wheat in Michigan by smut this year is estimated at $1,000,000. The experimental station at the Agricultural college has published a circular recommending the dipping of the seed in hot water as a remedy.

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR.

THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1892.

LOCAL ITEMS

School Books, at Fourhiers' Drug Store.

Alpena's Y. M. C. A. has arranged a lecture course.

Oysters Served in every style, at McLains'.

Entertainment at the Opera House Friday Eve.

Buy your clothing of Jackson & Masters.

It is reported that diphtheria is abating in the Bay Cities.

Oysters, always fresh, best quality, A 1., at McLains'.

Seven cars were demolished in a C., S. & M. wreck at West Bay City.

Call and examine Jackson & Masters new line of clothing.

Go to the Entertainment, at the Opera House, Friday evening.

For California fruit, all kinds, go to Wight's restaurant.

J. Wilson Staley is expected home on Saturday, for a short visit.

School Supplies of all descriptions, at Fournier's Drugstore.

Portsmouth lodge, No. 189, F. and M., is building a $4,000 hall at Bay City.

If you want a good Meat Roast, call on Chalker and McKnight.

Rev. H. H. Culver, of Gaylord, was in town last week, calling on his friends.

Go to Chalker and McKnight's market for all kinds of Fresh and Salt meats.

Pure Buckwheat flour, at Claggett and Pringles'.

Mrs. Spore and son, of Grayling, are visiting friends and acquaintances here.—*Bay City Tribune.*

For fresh Apples, Bananas and Oranges, go to C. W. Wight's restaurant.

For Choice Pork and Beef Steaks, call on Chalker and McKnight.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post, No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, next Saturday evening, the 14th.

New Stoves are arriving daily, at the store of S. H. & Co.

Fresh Cream Cheese at the store of Salling, Hanson & Co.

The president has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, Nov. 24 as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

For Winter Apples, finest quality, go to McLains'.

F. Deckrow is transforming a building in the rear of the Town Hall, into a handsome residence.

For sale or trade, a White Sewing Machine, in good running order, by G. Walton Smith.

Mrs. Henry DeWaele returned Saturday from Grayling where she had been visiting relatives.—*Ros. News.*

Salling, Hanson & Co. always keep a supply of fresh Butter and Eggs on hand.

Try a bottle of pure Maple Syrup, to be found at McLains'.

Everybody should attend the great Pantomimic, Culinary, Entertainment, given by Y. P. S. C. E., at the Opera House Friday Evening, Nov. 11th.

Claggett and Pringle say their store trade is increasing daily. Good goods and low prices tell the story.

The May and Aurora Flour, once more in the market. For sale at the store of S. H. & Co.

Chas. Woods has started two camps on Bear Lake, a few miles north from Lewiston and another near Roscommon.—*West Branch Times.*

Fresh Bread, Rusk, Cakes and Cookies baked daily, at McLains' bakery.

Garland and Jewel Stoves, the best in the world, for sale at the Pioneer Store of S. H. & Co.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church realized something over $50.00 from their Dinner and Supper given at the Opera House, last Tuesday.

Gents, Ladies and Children all go to Claggett and Pringles' for their Hosiery; Why? Because they have the best and cheapest line in town.

If you should require anything in the Hardware line, call at the store of S. H. & Co.

The officers of the Epworth League, are:—President, Miss Fannie Staley; Secretary, Miss Lida Sloan; Cor. Sec., Miss Vena Jones; Treasurer, Miss Luella Bradley.

Jackson & Masters have the finest and largest stock of clothing in the county.

Salling, Hanson & Co. have just received a large stock of fine Underwear which is suitable for everybod yand is sold at low prices.

In the democratic procession last Monday evening, they had a caricature of a negro. It was out of place as the negro of to-day contains the best blood of the democratic party. They took as much pride in improving their stock in slaves as they did in race horses.

If you want a first class Sewing Machine, buy the American or Domestic of Jackson & Masters.

Wind Mill and Well Supplies of all kinds, prices as low as good work will warrant. F. DECKROW.

The West Branch Cornet Band led the democratic procession, last Monday evening. It was under the leadership of Burton Thayer a former apprentice of the AVALANCHE office. The Grayling boys get to the front wherever they go.

A full line of Cook and Heating Stoves, at lowest prices, at the Tin and Hardware store of A. Kraus.

Parties leaving their orders for Silver Ware with G. W. Smith, the Jeweler, get it at wholesale prices with expense added.

A Bay City firm has taken a contract to make 50,000 basswood lard tubs for a Chicago concern.

Go to the store of S. H. & Co. and make a selection of the finest Pants, ever brought to town, and sold at low figures.

The Scandinavian Aid Society will hold a Fair at the Opera House, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 14th and 15th. Every person is repectfully invited to attend. Further particulars given hereafter.

You can buy your clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods of Jackson & Masters cheaper than at any other place in the county.

That caricature of "Grandfathers's hat" in the democratic procession was good. On the original wearer's head it covered brains, and a head, but there it represented neither. The procession like the party was composed of fag ends and the only respectable portion was the band which was composed of republicans and was hired for them by republicans.

For fresh Crackers, Cookies, Bread and Confectionery, go to C. W. Wight's restaurant. He has just received a large assortment.

Where yer goin Jimmie? Down to Claggett and Pringles' to get some of their Sugar Drip Syrup. It makes pancakes slip down easy. Try it and see.

The Campaign Social given by the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church, last Wednesday evening, was well attended, and the receipts were about $32.00. The short campaign speeches, of five minutes each by Messrs. Chalker, Brolin, Thatcher and Taylor were interesting on account of their shortness. The music was all that could be desired.

G. W. Smith, the Jeweler, has just received an invoice of Nickel and Mantel Clocks, which will be sold very cheap.

The Y. P. S. C. E., will give a literary, musical, pantomimic, culinary entertainment at the Opera House, Friday evening, November 11th.

No one should fail to attend.

Those in search of Underwear will find an immense line, at Claggett and Pringles', Gents', Ladies' and Childrens'. Money saved on every garment you buy of them.

Our thanks are due Comrade Dan. Bennett, of Loveland, Colorado, for a copy of the *Loveland Reporter*, which contained an address delivered by him when presenting the school with an "American Flag," on "Columbian Day." His address has the right ring, full of patriotism, and was no doubt appreciated by all who heard it delivered, and by those who have read it.

Where did you get that beautiful Corset Mrs. G? I bought it at Claggett and Pringles'. They sell the Dress Form Corset, and Imperial Waist. The best in the world, for $1.

A large number of republicans accompanied by the Band and the Glee Club, went to Lewiston last Saturday evening, where the Hon. Wm. West, made a very convincing speech, as it and the music caused the town to give a republican majority where a democrat had been conceded. The speaker, band, glee club, and other prominent citizens were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Kneeland, in a very hospitable manner.

S. H. & Co. say that one or two dollars is not much to save on the cost of a stove, but when you buy be sure to get the best in the market. They have them. The Garland and the Jewel.

Fred Wells, of 98th Main street, Rochester, N. Y., has written a letter to Postmaster Wilcox of this city, inquiring about a brother who left home in the fall of 1890 with the supposed intention of coming to the lumber woods of Michigan. He belonged at Clarkson, Monroe county. His name was Elbridge Wells and he was then aged 18 years. Any information as to his whereabouts can be sent his brother. Districts papers please copy.—*Bay City Press.*

This is the best tea I have drank for nigh onto forty years. Where did you get it John? Down at Claggett and Pringles'. Their fifty cent Tea is a hummer, and their thirty-five cent Tea is a hustler. Three pounds for $1.00

During October the state salt inspector inspected 376,950 barrels of salt. The total inspection for the ten months is 3,510,143 barrels, a decrease of 73,110 barrels as compared with the same period of last year.

Y. P. S. C. E.

The following is the program of the entertainment to be given by the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor, at the Opera House, Friday Evening, November 11th. Admission 15 Cents.

PROGRAMME.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—Miss DeWaele.
RECITATION— - - Miss Ella, Marvin.
SOLO— - - - - Miss Josie Jones.
PANTOMIME-Bess and her three Lovers.
TRIO— - - - Distant Chimes.
TABLEAU.

At the close of the entertainment refreshments will be served, at 10 Cts., each.

Cheney Items.

Miss Ullie Fox spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Joe King was at Grayling Friday.

Miss Grace Fox visited friends at Roscommon, last Wednesday.

Mrs. Perry Richardson, who has been visiting in Hillsdale county, returned home Tuesday morning.

Mr. C. Briggs is at home for a few days.

Eddie Stilwell was at Grayling, Monday.

R. B. Bell was at Bay City Sunday and rode the O.R.T. goat. All Bruce has to say is that the operators had a fine large goat and that he had a good time.

The many young friends of Miss Hattie Crandal, met at her home last Tuesday evening and had a taffy pulling. All report a pleasant time.

KODACK.

Lewiston Items.

We clip the following from the *Lewiston Courier:*—

H. Bates has had curtains put up in his store windows.

N. H. Traver is kept busy these days disposing of Furnishing goods.

A. J. Rose departed for his home at Grayling last night.

Swan Peterson is pulling the stumps around the depot, this week.

J. K. Wright, of Grayling, was doing business in town Monday.

The first heavy snow storm of the season occurred Tuesday. About an inch of the beautiful falling.

Swan Peterson returned from his business trip to Grayling, Tuesday morning.

F. M. Gates made a business trip to Grayling, Wednesday night, returning Tuesday.

DIED—on the 30th last, Willard E., eldest son of Mrs. Joseph White; aged nine years. The remains were taken to Grayling for interment. This is the first sheaf gathered by the Ancient Reaper in our little town.

Contractor A. J. Rose is settling up his business here, preparatory to leaving for his home in Grayling. Mr. Rose is a jolly, good fellow, and will be missed by his many friends here.

We hear that the Michelson & Hanson Lumber Co. will erect a large farm house on the farm they recently purchased of Sam Coubs. The M. & H. Co. are hustlers and are doing more to improve the future interests of Montmorency county than any other firm that ever operated here.

The ladies of the W. R. C. will give a Pound Social at their hall, Saturday evening, the 12th, for the benefit of Mrs. Marvin and family, who at present, on account of sickness, are in straitened circumstances. Donations can be left at the hall, or this office, during the day.

Editor Fairweather, of the Durham (N. C.) *Globe*, continues his whoop'em up campaign for G. Cleveland, as follows:

"But between Harrison and Cleveland—first, last and all the time—I am for the brave Buffalo man who slapped the dirty pensioners, who, for the most part, are beggars, in the face. There were dirty and lousy rascals who came into this country and who abused women; who burned homes; who stole all that was in sight, and today, without any honorable scar, are bleeding this country and I am helping to pay for it. Let the hired Yankee howl. I am of the South and for the South; and until my blood is cold I shall fight for honesty and for a White Man's country".

No Sham About This.

The Bureau of American Republics publishes the following statistics of imports at the port of Havana from the United States in the first seven months of 1892 as compared with the same period of 1891:

	1892.	1891.
Corn, sacks	145,991	38,084
Coal, tons	120,935	98,896
Coal oil, quintals	316,737	198,593
Flour, sacks	230,959	21,159
Hams, tierces	5,181	2,325
Hay, bales	42,873	10,895
Lard, quintals	247,594	158,168
Jerked beef, quin.	333,134	194,464
Potatoes, barrels	84,047	19,800

Here are increases from 20 to 1,000 per cent. in sales under the reciprocity clause of the McKinley law. Notice, at the same time, that no blow was struck at any American industry.

Notice,

NOTICE is hereby given that I will receive sealed bids, until the 17th day of November, 1892, for 175 cords of green Jack Pine, Tamarac, or Maple and Beech, body wood, to be delivered and piled in the Court House yard. Wood to be 18 inches in length and split. I reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated Grayling, Mich., Oct. 31, '92.

THOMAS WAKELEY,
Sheriff, Crawford Co., Mich.

Nov.3w2

Gunsmith Shop.

I WILL open up the old blacksmith shop near the bridge, where I will make and repair guns and do other fine work in my line. Repairing of machinery a specialty. Terms reasonable. Give me a call.

H. B. WILLIAMS.

Aug. 18th, '87.

For Sale.

I WILL SELL any of my houses or lots on favorable terms. For particular information, call on

JOSEPH CHARRON.

May3, t. f.

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to owners of sheep trespassing on my place, that they will be held responsible for damages.

PETER W. STEPHAN.

Grove, Oct. 20, '92.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE, GRAYLING, MICH., Nov. 9th, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at Grayling, Mich., on December 12th, 1892, viz: James W. Gallinore, Homestead Application, No. 4893, for the N. ½ of S. W. ¼ Sec. 10, Tp. 25, N. R. 1 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles M. Jackson, George Finch, Wilson Hickey and Isadore Ocha, all of Jack Pine, Mich.

OSCAR PALMER
Register.

Nov.01,'92.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made for more than thirty days in the payment of interest due in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Joseph Charron and Hellen Charron, his wife to Thomas French, dated November 3d, A. D. 1888, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Crawford and State of Michigan on the 5th day of December, A. D., 1888, in Liber D, of Mortgages, on pages 179, 180 and 181, and by reason of such default the mortgagee has elected and declared the whole sum secured thereby, due and payable immediately, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of Three thousand four hundred and ninety-six dollars and twenty eight cts. [$3,496.28] and an attorney's fee of forty dollars [$40] provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Now, Therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the Tenth day of January, A. D., 1893, at One o'clock in the afternoon, I shall sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the village of Grayling, Michigan, [that being the place where the Circuit Court for Crawford County is holden], the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with ten per cent. interest, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of Forty Dollars covenanted for therein, the premises being described in said mortgage as all those certain lots pieces and parcels of land situate in the village of Grayling, in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows:

Lots Eleven [11] and Twelve [12] of Block Nine [9] of the original Plat, by the President and Secretary of the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Rail Road Company and now of record in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County.

Dated October 10th, 1892.

THOMAS TRENCH,
Mortgagee.

O. PALMER,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Alpheus Slacht and Mary Slacht, to Perkins Windmill and Feed Mfg. Co., Mishwaka, Indiana, a corporation organized under the laws of said State, dated September 1st, A. D., 1891, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Crawford, and State of Michigan, on the 23d day of November, A. D., 1891, in Liber D. of Mortgages, on page 341, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of One hundred and eighteen Dollars, and nine cents, and an Attorney's fee of Twenty Dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof;

Now, Therefore, By virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 24th day of January, A. D., 1893, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the village of Grayling, [that being the place where the Circuit Court for Crawford County is holden], the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with 7 per cent. interest, and all legal cost, together with an attorney's fee of Fifteen Dollars, covenanted for there in, the premises being described in said mortgage as all that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situated in the village of Grayling, in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows:

Block six of Roffee's addition to the village of Grayling in the County and State aforesaid.

Said above described mortgage was duly assigned by said David Thompson to Edgar W. Farley on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1892, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford on the 9th day of April, A. D., 1892, in Liber D. of mortgages on page 380.

Dated Oct. 5th, A. D., 1892.

FARLEY AND AITKIN, Attorney for Mortgagee. EDGAR W. FARLEY, Mortgagee

Oct.5 '92.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

(NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

GOING NORTH.

	Exp.	Mail.	Accomodation
	P. M.	A. M.	
Detroit, lv.	8 40	7 45	
Chicago,		9 25 p. m.	
Jackson,	4 40	4 25 a. m	
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Bay City,	12 40	12 20	8 25
GRAYLING, Arr	4 00	3 45 p. m.	P. M. 1 [illegible]
GRAYLING, Dep	4 05	3 50	P. M. 1 [illegible]
Mackinaw City,	7 20 a. m.	7.00 p. m.	8 10

SOUTH.

	A. M.	P. M.	A. M
Mackinaw City,	8.45	11.30	
GRAYLING, Arr	11 00	2 45 a. m.	
GRAYLING, dep	11 05	2 55	dep. 5 00
Bay City, Arr	3 50	6 15	9 50
Detroit, ar.	8 40 a m	10 55 a. m	
Chicago,	4 50 p m	7.55 a. m.	
Jackson,	11 05 a m	11 50 p. m,	

O. W. RUGGLES,
GEN. PASS. AGENT.

A. W. CANFIELD,
Local Ticket Agt, Grayling.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, - - - MICHIGAN.

CRUSHED BY FRANCE.

DAHOMEY'S CRUEL POWER IS AT LAST ENDED.

A King Whose Deeds Rival Those of the Historic Nero—Women Trained as Torturers and Murderers—The Executioner's Post Is One of Honor.

In Darkest Africa.

FRANCE has succeeded in giving the bloodthirsty king of Dahomey a dose of his own medicine that will forever dispose of his power and his kingdom. Unlike the English, who are ever ready to make war on small fry of every description, France hesitated a long time before engaging in the present conflict with King Behanzin, and only after its representatives at Porto Novo had suffered innumerable insults from the Dahomeyan savage did the home government decide to go to war. In June the French Chamber of Deputies voted $700,000 for the equipment of a force sufficiently large to give this black bully a thrashing which would inspire respect for France and impress him with his own insignificance. Accordingly the European and other governments were notified that the slave coast was under blockade to prevent the importation of supplies and ammunition. It might be stated here that France without doubt will call upon the German Government to explain some serious infringements on the laws governing neutral powers. The French claim that King Behanzin, besides the 2,000 rifles allowed him by treaty, has almost an equal number of Winchester and

THE KING OF DAHOMEY.

other repeating rifles that have been furnished him by German traders. It is known that he has a large supply of ammunition and that it was landed in Dahomey from two German ships.

The "unpleasantness," says the Chicago Herald, was caused by King Behanzin's stupid conceit and overestimation of his power. He is a splendid illustration of the old saw, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." He is fairly well educated for a savage, having spent his earlier years in Paris and there been taught to read and speak French. Since his return to his native jungles his vanity has assumed wonderful proportions. He imagined himself able to dictate his own terms to France and utterly disregarded his former agreements to respect the French protectorate at Porto Novo. When the representative of France sent messengers to Abomey to expostulate with him, asking that he desist from sending his amazons on their slave-capturing raids into French territory, he had the audacity to cut off the heads of the messengers and return them in a basket by a Dahomeyan warrior, together with an insulting letter in which the French governor was told that Behanzin of Dahomey would sweep the French forces and their followers into the sea should he so choose, and, furthermore, that the raids would be continued at his pleasure. It was this note, which was sent to Paris, that caused France to make up its mind that it was time to assert its supremacy and teach this insolent petty tyrant a lesson which he would never forget.

Where It Is a Pleasure to Kill and Torture.

The inhabitants of Dahomey are certainly unique enough in their manners and customs to warrant the profound interest of the anthropologist, but the chief interest the world takes in them now is confined to the hope that they will not be allowed much longer to practice the awful enormities for which they have become famous. To kill and torture is to them the keenest pleasure. The office of executioner is a post of honor to which only the richest of the land dare aspire, and, as a matter of course, the wealthier the executioner the better the opportunity for satisfying his brutal instincts. There is no doubt whatever that France will crush the kingdom of Dahomey, whether it be now or in the early future, but the chances are that France may yet have some very serious obstacles to overcome. With all their brutish instincts the Dahomey negro is far above the ordinary intelligence of the common African black. He will fight until he falls and so will his sisters, for the amazons, or women warriors of Dahomey, are world-famed. Besides being warriors, the inhabitants of this kingdom are the best disciplined of the African tribes and proudly proclaim themselves "veterans of the world;" this from having had innumerable conflicts with France, England and other nations. As their king insists on success in battle or death to the survivors in case of defeat, the Dahomey warriors never confess defeat, but fight while they have breath left in them. Shortly

AMAZON RECRUIT CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH AND BROUGHT TO PARIS.

before the commencement of this war several French civilians were captured by the Dahomeyans and, strange to relate, given their liberty. These former captives picked up a great deal of information concerning the habits and customs of this warlike tribe.

The most singular institution of Dahomey is the female army, or amazons, as they are called. It is somewhat uncertain when they were first introduced as warriors, but it is thought that the honor of having organized the first band of these ferocious creatures belongs to Agajah, the fourth king of Dahomey. Under the present king the amazons have attained their highest degree of efficiency in discipline and numbers and in the most cruel savageness. The members of this unsexed army of viragoes are as conceitedly vain of their ability to torture and cut the heads off their victims as their more civilized "strong-minded" sisters are of their "manly" qualities.

AMAZONS GOING TO BATTLE.

How Woman Soldiers Are Made.

The recruiting of the amazonian army is simple. The king issues a decree summoning every subject to present his daughters, above a certain age, at court upon an appointed day. Then he selects the most promising of the "best families" and creates them officers, while the lower orders are made soldiers. The children of slave parents become the slaves of the amazons within the palace, and the remainder are returned to their parents. Of the selected many are given to deserving soldiers as wives, and every three years a similar conscription of the daughters of the land is made, while all the children of amazonian women are amazons from birth. The amazons are divided into three brigades, known as the King's company, the right and left wings. Each of these has a peculiar head-dress by which the different brigades are distinguished. The King's brigade, sometimes called the fanti company or center, wear their hair shaved a la turban and bound with narrow fillets, with alligators of colored cloth sewn on them. The right wing have their heads shaven, leaving only a solitary tuft or two, while the left wing wear their hair loose, which gives them a peculiarly savage aspect.

Each of the three brigades is divided into four classes—the agbaraya, veterans of the army, the bravest and strongest of the corps, only called into action on important occasions like the present. They wear blue tunics with white cross-belts, and their fillets are of curious shape. Their standards are of the most ferocious description, representing an

BOMBARDMENT OF DAHOMEY.

amazon cutting an enemy into mince meat or holding aloft a couple of bleeding heads.

The Neykpleh-hentoh or razor-women form an important part of each division; these female leopards, as they are called, are especially trained to mu-

COL. LODDS, FRENCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

tilate and decapitate their victims, and are armed with huge curiously shaped knives keen as razors. The one bringing the most heads to the king receives the greatest praise. Each of the razor-women is attended by a recruit, who carries a large oddly shaped pouch, ornamented with human hair and teeth. Into this bag the amazon throws the heads reeking with blood. A Frenchman relates that after a recent battle, when the amazon troop of razor-women passed in review before the king they deposited the bloody heads in a pile before him and that the number of these frightful trophies must have been over 300. As each amazon passed the throne she gave a fiendish yell and flung her ghastly tribute on the pile of human flesh while the king smiled his approval.

The amazons have always sustained their reputation for bravery. They know no such thing as fear. From their early childhood they are subjected to the most frightful hardships, and in their drill have to endure tests of physical endurance to which the strongest men would succumb. They are starved, beaten and abused in every possible way, and systematically trained to disregard all torture and pain, no matter how severe. It is but natural that they have developed into the very incarnation of fiendish cruelty.

Rebuke to a Missionary.

There is no known spot on earth where human sacrifice flourishes to such frightful extent as it does in Dahomey. Missionaries are of use in this dark spot of Africa, and they are in a measure to blame for the detestation with which the inhabitants regard them. Referring to a particularly obnoxious missionary named Bernaskos, the King of Dahomey said to a messenger sent to intercede for the many people set aside for sacrifice: "You say that your people abhor the thought of men being sacrificed; that their religion teaches them that this is a crime. Now, we have a 'God man' at Whydah, and does he set an example to my people such as I would wish them to follow? Does he not drink till he talks foolishness? Does he not make my people drunk? Away! I want none of your 'God people.'"

King Behanzin has revived the customs of human sacrifice with all the insatiable bloodthirstiness of his grandfather, Getete. A Frenchman says that a few months ago he was led through the Ness temple, where he counted over twenty men suspended by their ankles and knees to the crossbeam of a huge gallows; all were stark naked and had

AT THE ANNUAL SACRIFICES.

been mutilated in a horrible manner out of respect to the memory of the King's wives. One morning while he was in captivity four wretches were killed because the King had had a bad dream. The Frenchman was present at the butchery so that he might be impressed with the King's power. The four men were led out before the King, who sat in a chair of state embellished with skulls and jaw bones from former sacrifices. A body of amazons drew up behind the victims; the executioner was a perfect giant in stature. Armed with a large, crooked knife made for such occasions, he had a large, wooden trough placed near him; this he pushed with his foot before the first victim, then, bending the man forward, he deliberately cut his throat, letting the blood run into the wooden dish. He then swung the knife and with a mighty blow completely severed an arm. This performance was repeated with three of the victims. The fourth must have suffered terribly. He was struck four times without severing the vertebra column. The butcher then put the bloody knife in his mouth, and seizing the ears of the wretched being, wrenched the head from side to side, trying to screw it off, and finally having dislocated it, deliberately slashed away the flesh that still connected the head with the trunk.

A large inclosure called the zun is the place where the headless corpses of the victims are dragged; there were hundreds of human skeletons bleaching in the sun and an equal number of freshly slaughtered victims. Such is life in Dahomey.

Many of the laws of the country are mere caprices of the King. Here are some specimens:

No one is allowed to build a hut more than four tiers high.

No one is allowed to marry without first submitting his intended to the King, who, if he pleases, keeps her for himself and enlists her in the amazonian guard.

No Dahoman woman is allowed to leave the country.

No subject must wear shoes or ride in a hammock.

No one is allowed to sit in a chair in public.

No goods landed at Whydah can be reshipped.

Such are a few of the laws regulating the welfare of Dahomey. The whole civilized world will certainly be thankful to France for wiping out of existence both the King and his amazons.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.

IT takes a man with a big heart and a good-sized bank account to appreciate the beauty of a fall opening in dress goods.

IF cases of drunkenness were argued before a full court there would be no convictions.—Texas Siftings.

BUILDING A PASSENGER CAR.

A Detailed Description of How the Work Is Accomplished.

Thirty-five thousand passenger cars are now in use on the 175,000 miles of railroad in the United States and Territories, and these cars have cost over two hundred million dollars. A passenger car costs $5,000 to $8,000. An outline of the manner in which such cars are built cannot but be of interest, as this class of car construction constitutes an important industry here. When an order is received for a given number of cars it is accompanied by carefully prepared drawings of every detail and by specifications which even enumerate the quantity and quality of screws, nails, bolts, castings, trimmings, etc., which are to be used. Those unfamiliar with this class of work would be astonished at the elaborate nature of the drawings, many of them of full size, with all dimensions marked on them so that no mistakes may occur. The specifications aim to contain a clear statement of all the materials to be used, their quantity, quality and sizes, and the manner in which they are to be treated and built into the proposed cars, is also very carefully described; even the paint and varnishes are specified, as well as the number of coats of each, and the length of time each coat is to be given to dry. Thus it will be seen that a car is first carefully constructed in the mind of the designer and all details put upon paper, which serve as a guide to those having the construction in hand. When an order for cars is placed, bills of the materials required are made in each department and patterns for the iron and wood work are made, to guide the foremen in laying out their portions of the work. As speedily as possible departments are furnished with the raw or finished materials called for on their bills of materials with which to make their portions of the car. As an illustration, the wood machine shop gets out from the rough lumber the exact number of pieces of wood of every kind and form called for, and the blacksmith shop gets out the forgings required; the bolt department makes the exact number of bolts of various kinds needed, and the brass foundry fills its order for the necessary trimmings, which trimmings, when so specified, are taken in hand by the electro-plating department and plated with nickel, silver or gold, as called for. The glass department cuts the glass, etches it, and silvers it when required, and makes and furnishes all the mirrors. When everything is ready the prepared materials are delivered as needed at the compartments where the cars are to be erected. First, the bottom materials, such as sills, floor-joists, flooring, draft-timbers, and transoms arrive and are taken in hand by the bottom-builders. At the completion of the bottom of a car, which comprises the work of the bottom-builders, it is turned over to the body-builders, who put up the frame work and complete the body of the car, their work consisting of applying posts, bracing, filling, belt railing, paneling, car-lining, etc. The car is now taken by the roofers, who apply the roof-boards, moldings, etc., and then the tinners put on the metal covering. After a careful inspection the car is taken by the outside painters, and is entered at the same time by the inside finishers, who put in and finish the nice inside wood-work, which is of the best kinds of lumber, such as oak, ash, cherry, mahogany, or vermilion. The piping for heating and for lighting is set in before the seats are placed in position. The inside finish, too, conceals the electric wires which may be called for in the specifications. Cars are lighted by oil, gas or electricity. If by gas, it is carried in condensed form in tanks underneath the car, and is conducted to lamps by suitable piping. Electric lights are derived from storage batteries, and from dynamos run in a baggage car, by steam from the engine.

When the inside wood work is all in place, and some of this finish comprises exquisite carving, the inside painters go over the entire interior wood work, making the car ready for the trimmers, who place the bronze or plated trimmings upon doors, sash, blinds, and walls. The upholstering, draperies, seat-coverings, carpets, etc., which have all been previously prepared, are now put in, and when the finishing touches are added by the equipment department the car is ready for delivery to its purchaser, to whom it is sometimes sent by special messenger. Parties for whom cars are building generally keep an inspector at the shops to see that all work and materials are in accordance with plans and specifications. All work in the construction department is carefully subdivided, many different gangs of men having their allotted tasks, which they perform with surprising quickness and dexterity. Most of this passenger car work is paid for by piece wages. These car works have the capacity for turning out twelve new passenger cars a week.—Pullman Journal.

WHAT SWALLOWED JONAH?

Perhaps It Was a White Shark Instead of a Whale.

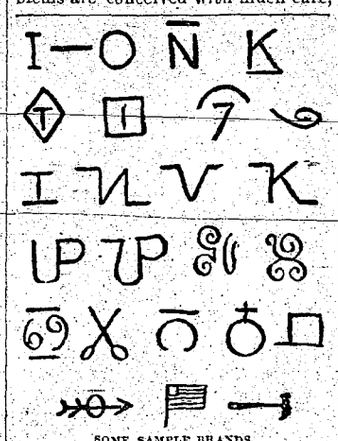
There is no argument valid upon a premise of inherent impossibility. It used to be concluded beyond question that there were no black swans, because it is impossible to conceive a black swan. But one harmless and unconscious black swan from the antipodes put all the ingenious thinkers to rout. Hume argued from his conception of a true induction that the major premise must include all possible cases. This he thought conclusive against a great deal of popular belief. But what test have we of the possible? It is harder to believe that we have explored and classified the whole field of knowledge, than that a ravenous fish—with no higher and no lower thought in its meager brain than a plentiful dinner—should have swallowed and then disgorged a man. Besides, we are not without evidence that such piscine conduct is at least possible. Jonah was sailing in the Mediterranean—right along its whole length—from Joppa, in Palestine, to Tarshish, in Spain; and it is in this very sea that even at the present day a huge fish, the white shark, is found. And not only this, but the bones of a much larger species now extinct. For the word used in the Bible is a general term for a large fish, and it includes in various writers sharks, tunnies, whales, dolphins, and seals. This white shark attains such a size that it has been known to weigh four tons and a half. One that was exhibited last century over Europe weighed nearly two tons, and very nearly re-enacted the part of Jonah's fish. A British war vessel was sailing in the Mediterranean when a man fell overboard. A huge shark instantly rose and the unlucky seaman disappeared within its mouth. The captain fired a gun at it from the deck, and as the shot struck upon its back it cast the man out again and he was rescued by his companions. They forthwith harpooned the fish, dried him, and presented him to his intended victim.

In the beginning of this century a shark was taken at Surinam, and in it was discovered the body of a woman excepting the head. Instances are recorded upon good authority of specimens being found in the same sea; one with a sea calf in its stomach as big as an ox, another with a whole horse, and another with two funnies and a man. That a man could live there for a considerable time seems by no means impossible.

CATTLE BRANDS.

Queer Hieroglyphics Which Adorn the Stock on the Western Prairies.

The prairies have a series of trademarks as general and valuable as those that decorate queensware, pottery, and editions de luxe. The emblems are conceived with much care,



SOME SAMPLE BRANDS.

and a violation of the rights they involve means death to the depredator. They do not appear on paper, nor are they modeled in earthenware or metal. They are traced in living flesh by red-hot irons, and are read by cowboys and ranch owners, from the uplands of Wyoming to the river valleys of Texas. Yet few east of the Missouri River have ever seen a sample of the designs or realize the completeness of their system.

The identification of cattle upon the great Western plains, where tens of thousands of long-horned beasts roam throughout the year, unfenced and unherded, would present a serious aspect were it not for branding. Only by that means is it possible, in a country where stock-raising is carried on so extensively that fencing the ranges is almost out of the question, for owners to keep any knowledge of their possessions. No more rigid system of identification exists anywhere, and the owner of a steer is almost as certain of his property when the animal has strayed a hundred miles away as if the home-ranch corral inclosed him. It is not uncommon for a Western Kansas cattleman to receive notice from a friend in Nebraska or Wyoming, saying that one of his cattle has strayed from home, and is in his vicinity, the friend having looked up the animal's brand in the herd book.

A PATHETIC EPISODE.

How Two Brothers Died on a Western Railroad.

"I have seen a great many men killed," said Burke McMahon, at the Southern. "I was with old Pap Thomas at Chickamauga when his corps stood like a rock for the flower of the Confederacy to beat and break upon, and with Grant when he hurled his columns at the impregnable heights of Vicksburg. I have seen commanding officers torn to pieces with a shell and beardless boys dead on the battle-field with their mother's picture pressed to their cold lips, but I never had anything affect me like the death of a couple of young railroad men in Texas seven or eight years ago.

"I was riding on the engine of a fast passenger train, and at Waco the engineer got orders to look out for a brakeman who was missing from the freight we were following. He was supposed to have fallen between the cars of his train. 'My brother is breaking on that train. I wonder if it can be him?' said the fireman. 'I'll keep up steam while you stand on the pilot and watch out,' replied the engineer. The fireman took his post in front and we pulled out. We had just got well under way when the fireman gave the signal to stop. The engineer applied the brakes. They failed to respond, and we were on a down grade and could not stop. The missing brakeman was lying on the track, badly mangled, but conscious.

"He raised his hand and frantically signaled the train, but the great iron machine went plunging down upon him at a rate of twenty miles an hour. The fireman cast one despairing look at the engineer, then sprang in front of the pilot and hurled his wounded brother off the track. But he was not quick enough to save himself. The engine caught him and crushed both legs off at the hips. As we picked him up he said, with a quiet smile: 'It's no use, boys; I'm done for. But I saved Ned.' We laid them down in the baggage car side by side. Ned put out a feeble hand and clasped that of his brother. 'I've got my time, old fellow,' he said. 'Here, too, Ned; we'll make the run to the next world together,' was the response, and, holding each other by the hand, they died without another word."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS plays the violin. As it is his only dissipation and he has it in a mild form, it is hoped that it will not be counted against the good old man.

THE SINKING OF A SHIP.

How the Tortoiseshell Went Down When the Saale Struck Her.

A young woman who was on the North German-Lloyd steamer Saale when she cut down the Norwegian bark Tortoiseshell on the evening of Aug. 4, off the banks of Newfoundland, in writing to relatives in New York, has this to say of the accident:

"We were all at dinner when there came a thud and the ship stopped. We had been moving very slowly, and the shock stopped us, but not with enough of a jerk to spill the water in the glasses or tip anything over. A number of people screamed and began running around. Somebody looked out of a port hole, and then told me to come on deck and see the other vessel sink.

"It was a magnificent sight. The vessel had all sails set. When we reached the upper deck all the men had been rescued, so we could appreciate the sight. The beautiful thing acted as if living. It leaned first to one side and then to the other, rocking like a creature in pain, and then slowly righted itself, and, trembling like an aspen, began to slip out of sight.

"There was not a sound on the Saale except the 'hush-hush-hush' of a little escaping steam. Slowly, and yet, oh, so swiftly, the vessel sank into the water, which was blue as sapphires and dimpled as if smiling. The shipwrecked sailors removed their caps and saluted, then remained uncovered until the last bit of masts and rigging had disappeared, and not a ripple on the surface of the water betrayed their loss.

"It was only four and a half minutes from the time of the collision, until the last thread of sail had disappeared, yet it seemed very long. It brought tears to the eyes of men as well as women to see that beautiful ship slip out of sight as it did.

"But after it was all over, and the Saale began to move again, the greater number of us went back to the saloon and demolished the Gefrorenes. All lives were saved—except that of a dog—so why mourn. Of course if the Tortoiseshell had hit us amidships the great probability is that everybody on both vessels would have died. But then, the Tortoiseshell didn't hit us amidships, and nobody died."—New York Sun.

Life in China.

The singular conditions of life at Amoy, the metropolis of the great Chinese province of Fukien, have been the theme of an interesting report of the United States Consul at that city, Mr. Bedloe. Amoy, which is a city of about a million people, and the center of a densely populated region, is perhaps the cheapest place in the world. Workingmen live and support large families on fifteen cents a day, and are said to be as happy as workingmen anywhere.

The daily fare of an Amoy workingman and its cost to him are about as follows: One and a half pounds of rice, costing three cents; one ounce of meat, one ounce of fish, two ounces of shell-fish, one cent altogether; one pound of cabbage or other vegetable, one cent; fuel, salt and oil, one cent; total, six cents.

This is much better fare than many European laborers enjoy. In what little time the Amoy workingman can find from his toil, he flies kites, plays shuttlecock, and indulges in mild practical jokes on his friends. He goes to bed early, and worries about nothing.

The wife and children of the Chinese family gather driftwood, edible sea-moss, shell-fish, mushrooms and dead branches. Some of the things they pick up they barter for rice and vegetables. Sometimes a woman and her children provide in this way all the food of the family.

Small boys earn a few copper coins by marching in religious processions, at funerals, wakes, exorcisms, weddings and other ceremonies.

At eight years of age a boy begins his life-calling, which usually is the same as his father's. Indeed, children in China begin to work as soon as they can walk. A boy or girl four years old will carry the baby "piggy-back" half an hour at a time, and mind it from dawn to dusk.

The house is usually an independent structure, small, and containing two rooms—a living-room and a bedroom. The windows are small, high and nearly blocked up with wooden, iron or stone bars. The rent of a house of four or five rooms averages five cents a day.

One of the saddest things about child life in China is the early encouragement of gambling on the part of the boys. On every street in the daytime and early evening may be seen groups of children around a peddler, gambling for cake, fruit, or a small amount of money. Gambling is the great curse of the Chinese people, robbing the workingmen of their savings and corrupting the politics of the country.

In spite of their hard work and their few indulgences, Chinese children manage to be happy on the whole, as children will be the world over.—Youth's Companion.

THE Barings are in a cheerful frame of mind because their liabilities, that erstwise threatened to be burdensome, have been reduced to £5,045,000. In their serenity the man who worries over the difficulty of wresting from adjacent circumstances enough to pay rent ought to find a gleam of comfort.

A PARIS correspondent, who has been testing the Pasteur anti-cholera virus, gloats over the presence in his body of thousands of cholera microbes taken from the dead bodies of cholera victims in Saizon, Asia. He is welcome to them all.

A PERFUMER who has been testing California roses finds that they make almost as good a perfume as the cleanings of petroleum refineries and coal bins. This may not sound like high praise for California roses, but it is.

CHILI's promptness in paying the indemnity will doubtless secure her a letter of recommendation from Uncle Sam any time she feels like embarking in the accident insurance business.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Some Sharp Sayings.

THE manicure motto is, cash on the nail.—Binghamton Leader.

CADMUS was the first postman. He brought letters to Greece.—Boston Transcript.

THE man with plenty of fat mortgages lives on the lien of the land.—Dallas News.

IT isn't the flighty poet who is responsible for all the fugitive verses.—Boston Courier.

"SHE's a very upright young lady." "Yes, but she's bent on matrimony." Philadelphia Record.

IF any young man wants to find out what the wild waves are saying let him go to sea.—Picayune.

A BIG man groans most when he gets sick because there is more of him to suffer.—Atchison Globe.

"TIME is money," remarked Blobbs as he deposited his watch in a jack-pot.—Philadelphia Record.

MANY a wise man has picked up a good suggestion where some fool dropped it.—Galveston News.

THIS country might bestow on one of its cowboy versifiers the title of poet-lariat.—Washington Star.

AFTER all, the best amateur actor is the one who pretends to enjoy a piano recital.—Elmira Gazette.

"WELL, I'll be kicked," as the foot ball said when it heard that the college had opened.—Buffalo Express.

WHEN one buys an electrical-publication he wants to be sure that it is the current issue.—Rochester Post.

"ANYTHING new on foot?" "Yes." "What is it?" "Our baby. He's just learned to walk."—Lawrence American.

WHEN a man is doing well he imagines that he could better if he could move and pay more rent.—Atchison Globe.

"IS he quick-tempered?" "Quick-tempered? Why, his temper breaks three records every day."—Buffalo Express.

SOME restaurant table-cloths are like a country fair; they display a little of everything.—Binghamton Republican.

HOW SOON the millennium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day.—Ram's Horn.

WHEN a man finally does give up and cries, he looks so much like a drunken man that he gets no sympathy.—Atchison Globe.

WHEN a man can't find his shirt button of a Sunday morning his wife is apt to have trouble with his choler.—Binghamton Republican.

BRIDE No. 2—"No other woman ever wore this ring, did she, darling?" Widower—"No woman on earth ever had it on."—Jeweler's Weekly.

"I SEE villain in your face," said a judge to a prisoner. "May it please your Honor," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."—Tid-Bits.

"I ONLY got a nominal fee in that case," said Brief. "So the plaintiff said. He said your charges were phenomenal."—Black and White.

GOOD minister—Do you like to go to church, my boy? Good boy—Yes, sir, but I'd like it better if they didn't sing such tired tunes.—Good News.

"NAMED your boy John after yourself, Mr. Barrows?" "No, Mrs. Tomson. We have named him James after a prolonged family row."—Harper's Bazar.

"IT is dreadful, Maria, that you always will have the last word." "Please, ma'am, how am I to know that you have nothing more to say?"—German paper.

VISITOR—"Is this an old homestead or a modern imitation of antiquity?" Tenant—"Oh, it's new—brand new. The roof leaks in forty places."—New York Weekly.

MRS. HOGAN—"Fwat seem to be the matter wit' Danny?" Mrs. Grogan—"He's a-sufferin' from fwat the story books call unrequested love, poor boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

IT doesn't make out a case against Uncle Sam of wanting politeness that in the war of the revolution he didn't say to England, "Excuse the liberty I take."—Philadelphia Times.

WENT THE WHOLE BILL.—"What's this card in your pocket, John?" asked his wife. "What? Oh, before I went to lunch that was a bill of fare. Now it's my table of contents."—Life's Calendar.

"THERE goes Prof. Pogglethorpe. He's one of the most consistent men of the day." "Indeed?" "Yes; for instance, when he wants to brood he goes and sits in the chicken house."—Philadelphia Record.

NEIGHBOR—"And so you have a little baby at your house?" Is it a boy or a girl?" Little Boy—"Mamma thinks it's a boy, but I guess it'll turn out a girl. It's always crying 'bout nothin'."—Pittsburg Press.

THEY had been discussing the pronunciation of "oleomargarine," and finally agreed to leave it to the waiter, but he hedged. "Sure," said he, "I have to pronounce it butter or lose my job."—Indianapolis Journal.

"SO OUR old school friend is practicing law," said the man who was visiting his native town. "Yep." "Is he a criminal lawyer?" "Well, I don't know as you could call him that. He's managed to keep from gettin' arrested so far."—Washington Star.

Lost His Idea.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, having risen one night, unintentionally aroused his wife, who inquired:

"Are you sick, Waldo?"

"Oh, no, my dear," was his reply, "but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite. Let it go, now," sighed the philosopher, "my idea is gone."

The next morning, upon arising, Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out. This is supposed to have happened in the days (or nights) when matches came in cards.

HINTS FOR FALL GARB.

WOMAN SHOULD WEAR WHAT SUITS HER BEST.

Pleasing Varieties Discernible in the Newest Designs—Radical Changes Noted in the Length of Skirt and the Fashioning of the Bodice.

Latest Fads of Fashion.

New York correspondence:

MY readers to the number of half a dozen have written to ask why I do not give fashion sketches of backs as well as fronts. So I do, every once in awhile, and right here I show two views of a new house gown. It may be taken as a model by those who make their own dresses, and who want to see how skirts are now being cut and draped. A pleasing variety is discernible in the newest designs for costumes; and while there are several radical changes to be noted in the length of skirt and the fashioning of the bodice, it may be safely asserted that if each woman will wear individually the style that suits her best, she will be able to indulge in the pleasing conviction that she is dressed in the most perfect taste. This rule applies to all seasons, for there is no more inartistic sight than a woman costumed according to the latest mode when this particular style does not suit her figure or complexion.

Do you suppose girls give up dolls with short dresses? Well, they don't. To be sure, they call them "pattern figures" now, but they are really dolls, and the girls care about as much for them as they used to a while ago care for their dolls. The pattern figures have a bigger wardrobe than an average doll ever has. In fact, the pattern has as many gowns as its owner. Miss Rosebud cannot spend her time being fitted, you know. She has so much to do—matinees and theater and teas and "circles" and calls and gossip and Broadway, and so on. So she sketches her idea of a gown she wants, and the sketch is sent to the dressmaker, and likewise is the pattern. The pattern is dressed according to the sketch, and if the dress suits Miss Rosebud, she submits her sweet self to the dressmaker's hands. So when Miss Rosebud wants to show her friend, Miss Blue Belle, a certain gown of her repertoire, she does nothing so vulgar as to display the dress itself. No, indeed, she touches the little silver bell, and when Benson appears, she is directed to fetch the pattern with such and such a gown on, and forthwith it appears. Of course all this sounds very business-like, but don't believe that the girls don't regularly play with the patterns and get as much fun out of it as they used out of their dolls. This pattern device is less of a luxury and more of a necessity to the overworked society woman and married belle. Such a one has a maid clever enough to dress the pattern, and, this dress on, the pattern goes to the dressmaker, or even across to a Parisian firm. Miladi does not submit to the miseries of fitting but once, just for the finishing touches. The dress is exactly modeled from the pattern, detailed measurements to about a thousand or more figures have been given of madam's proportions, and trained skill has been at the gown, so one fitting is quite enough. Ah, me, it is nice to be rich. I know of one doting husband who has sent to Paris a statuette of his wife, a perfect likeness as to features, and this statuette is to be copied and the result made into a "pattern," so the gowns will have the advantage of madam's beauty to assist the dress-makers in a conception of the work to be done. Here is an idea for adorers who have exhausted the present list of gifts and now sigh for something new to bestow upon the beloved. It will cost enough; that is one thing to comfort them.

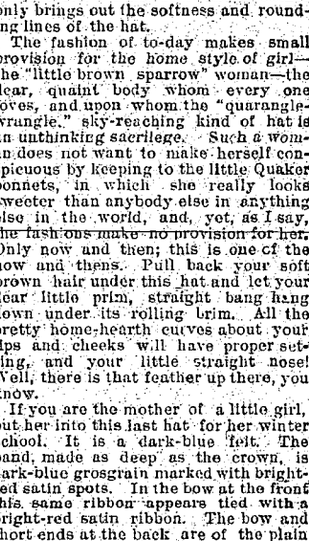
Millinery is the subject of three pictures in this article. The bonnet shown is a dainty one made of the silvery green that comes only in oats. The sheaf is made wreath-shape, and lies close to the hair, the metallic yet soft threads of the "beard" of the oats mingling with the hair as it waves from the face. Through the crown the hair shows; or, if you prefer, the space can be quite filled by the perky little bow on top and to one side. This bow is of rose-colored satin. Somehow, the sight of it there brings to mind "the little pink flower that grows 'mid the wheat," and then you decide it was the face, not the bow at all, that brought up that line, and you fill out the quotation, "And, oh, she looked sweet!" So she is bound to, or it isn't the bonnet's fault. The wreath of oats stops either side of the pretty knot of hair, and from here narrow velvet strings are drawn to a knot under the ear. The strings are on one side, just the shade of moss-green that looks prettiest in velvet and that best harmonizes with the silvery green of the oats. The reverse side of the velvet is rose satin. The bow under the ear, of course, shows both shades prettily. The rose color matches the pink tip of the dear little ear, and the green just brings out the blue of the eyes and the pale-yellow hair over which it has crossed. It is all the better if the hair is the sort that will brighten against the silvery green of the oats. A brilliant yellow will seem a little vivid. Reddish chestnut is charming under this bonnet if you are careful to get just the right rose color. For a brunette, change the rose color for scarlet, and make the blonde feel herself beaten on her own ground. It is so nice to beat a person that way.

The familiar hat with twisted brim, while catchy over some faces, is not becoming to all. Such exceptions will find a welcome suggestion in the hat of my fourth cut. The brim rolls evenly up a little near the edge, and is a good deal wider in front than at the back. The crown is very small, and narrows toward the top, after the manner of the sugar-loaf crowns. This one is not absurdly high, however. That is a charm of the model—it is extreme in no way. The under side of the brim is light brown, the upper side and the crown is dark brown. A soft light-brown scarf is knotted to the front of the crown, its loops spreading well toward the edge of the wide front brim. The ends of the scarf pass around the crown. One ending short, the other longer, hangs beyond the edge of the brim at the back. Through the knot and the sides dark-brown quill is thrust, the only concession this pretty hat makes to the general perkiness of the head-gear just now fashionable. This stiff little feather only brings out the softness and rounding lines of the hat.

A NEW HAT.

The fashion of to-day makes small provision for the home style of girl—the "little brown sparrow" woman—the dear, quaint body whom every one loves, and upon whom the "quarangle-wrangle," sky-reaching kind of hat is an unthinking sacrilege. Such a woman does not want to make herself conspicuous by keeping to the little Quaker bonnets, in which she really looks sweeter than anybody else in anything else in the world, and, yet, as I say, the fashions make no provision for her. Only now and then; this is one of the now and thens. Pull back your soft brown hair under this hat and let your dear little prim, straight bang hang down under its rolling brim. All the pretty home-hearth curves about your lips and cheeks will have proper setting, and your little straight nose! Well, there is that feather up there, you know.

If you are the mother of a little girl, put her into this last hat for her winter school. It is a dark-blue felt. The band, made as deep as the crown, is dark-blue grosgrain marked with bright-red satin spots. In the bow at the front this same ribbon appears tied with a bright-red satin ribbon. The bow and short ends at the back are of the plain satin. The heavy wire that stiffens the edge of the hat is twisted with blue and bright-red cord. The hat is not a sailor, being a little narrower at the back than it is in front. Such a hat is pretty to start with. It will match your little girl's blue dress—a child always has a blue dress—and you can make her new dress a combination of blue and red, a combination always pretty and serviceable. There is one thing about this hat that will not strike you from just looking at it. Put it on yourself. Of course you would not wear such a hat, you are too old and all that, but you do look pretty in it, don't you? And there is no harm in your picking it up from the hat-rack and putting it on, just so you won't catch cold, while you stand at the door waiting for the postman to come from across the street, or something like that. John will like you in it, too. Maybe he will grunt, and say, "What the deuce will you wear bonnets for when you look a sight prettier in hats?" Of course, John ought not to talk like that, still it sounds sweet in your heart to have him say that sort of thing. I did not mention the eyes and hair a child should have for such a hat. Well, between us, anything suits a child, and dark-blue suits all, except some black-haired brunettes. The bright-red on the hat, however, will make it becoming to even them.



A MODEL OF ELEGANCE.

FOR A SCHOOLGIRL.

A DAINTY BONNET.

Copyright, 1892.

Anonymous Letters.

Put your name to your letters. As one notice seems to be insufficient we print a second and last notice, to say that with all due appreciation of good intentions, we wish the writers of anonymous communications, if they will write them, would send their epistles to other journals. Somehow we feel we have had our share. Even where the writer thinks to serve a good purpose, it is yet folly to address this paper anonymously, for how can we get further information, if desired, or secure an explanation that a hastily constructed sentence may render necessary? As for correspondents who fear that the revealing of their names would affect them in their business we say to them once and for all, we never disclose names given us in confidence. But we must insist upon a distinct personal address, failing to give which it will be as useless hereafter for any one to address this journal in the guise of anonymity as for a young Parsee to attempt digging away the Himalayas with a salt spoon.—Christian at Work.

SECRETARY ELKINS is a member of three different commissions to pass upon works of art in Washington, public monuments of some sort.

SPAIN'S NEW MINISTER.

Senor Henry Dupuy de Lome and His Long Diplomatic Career.

Henry Dupuy de Lome, the new Spanish Minister to this country, comes of a distinguished ancestry, and has already, at the age of 41, achieved a renowned reputation. His family is French, his ancestry dating back to Hugo Raimundo Dupuy, who served with Godefroy de Bouillon, and one of whose many estates was that of L'Ome, which was added to the family name. Senor de Lome studied in the famous college of Barcelona, and subsequently pursued the study of law. Entering a diplomatic career, he was employed in the Spanish State Department in 1869, and in 1872 was made third secretary in the Ministry of State. In the following year he was attached to the Spanish legation in Japan; in 1875 was sent to Brussels; in 1877 became Secretary of Legation at Montevideo; in 1880 was advanced to the Secretaryship of Legation at Buenos Ayres, and was for a time charge d'affaires.

HENRY DUPUY DE LOME.

"In June, 1881, he became Secretary of Legation at Paris, and in October of the year following became First Secretary of Legation in Washington. At the time of the suicide of the minister, Senor Barca, he was charge d'affaires, and his services were largely appreciated in connection with the adjustment of the filibuster troubles. In 1884 he was transferred to Berlin as First Secretary; in 1886 he was the Spanish delegate to the International Congress for the consideration of commercial questions of importance. In the same year he became the representative of Spain in Montevideo, where his services commanded wide commendation. After serving for a time as chief of the section of commerce and consulates in the Spanish Ministry he has now been made Minister at Washington. Thus he has for twenty years been continuously engaged in the diplomatic service of his country.

Duties of the Waitress.

Although every housekeeper may have some methods peculiarly her own in the matter of waiting upon the table, still there are some customs that are almost universal in refined households, writes Maria Parloa in her valuable department, "Everything About the House," in the Ladies' Home Journal.

If the water has not already been poured, the waitress pours it as soon as the guests sit down at the table. If there be raw oysters, they should be served first. Usually they are arranged on the plates and placed at each person's seat before the guests come in.

When the oyster plates have been removed the soup tureen and hot soup plates are placed before the hostess. The waitress lifts the cover off the tureen, inverting it at once, that no drops of steam shall fall from it, and carries it from the room. The hostess puts a ladleful of soup into each plate and hands it to the waitress, who places it before the guests, going in every case to the left-hand side. Some hostesses always serve the ladies first, while others serve the guests in rotation.

The meat is set before the host, the vegetables being placed before the hostess or on the sideboard, as one chooses. The waitress passes each plate as the host hands it to her. She then passes vegetables, bread, sauce, etc.

The salad is to be served by the hostess. After that the table is brushed and the dessert is brought in and placed before the hostess. The coffee follows. If fruit be served it is passed before the coffee.

Finger bowls are brought in after the made dessert has been served. A dainty doily is spread on a dessert plate and the finger bowl placed on this. The bowl should be about one-quarter full of water. Each guest lifts the bowl and doily from the plate and places them at the left-hand side. The doily is never to be used to wipe the fingers.

A good waitress will not pile one dish upon another when removing them from the table. She should be provided with a tray for all the smaller dishes, and should remove the plates one or two at a time.

A Great "Honor."

In the years of his highest reputation, Daniel Webster was favored with a degree of personal adulation and "todying" which was not altogether agreeable to him.

It is related that on one occasion, when a public reception was given to him at a hotel in Boston, a particularly obsequious old officer-seeker was introduced. The man flattered Webster and ground his own ax, bowing and scraping, until the great man was tired of him, and bidding him good-day, settled down into the nearest chair.

But the man, instead of passing on and giving a chance to the next comer, lingered near, and seemed to have something still on his mind, though he looked very blissful. Webster observed this, and said, not very good-naturally:

"May I ask you, sir, if you want anything more of me?"

"Oh—oh, no!" said the man, smirkingly; "only, perhaps I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inestimable honor to occupy the same chair with Daniel Webster!"

Webster had, as a matter of fact, sat down on the man's tall beaver hat, and crushed it out of shape.—Youth's Companion.

LOUIS VII., surnamed the Lion, was poisoned during an unsuccessful campaign by one of his officers.

STEAM brakes were first proposed in 1864; air brakes invented, 1869.

C. N. U. No. 46-92

THROWN IN THE DITCH.

ALL BECAUSE OF A COW ON THE TRACK.

November 24 the Day of Thanksgiving—Politics Has but Little Effect on Business—Bold Robbery of a Jewelry Salesman on a Train.

One Man Killed and Two Injured.

A most disastrous wreck occurred on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, near Mazie Station, in Indian Territory, resulting in the ditching of the engine and seventeen loaded cars. Six of the cars were filled with stock. Engineer Tom Stanton was killed and Fred Bly, the fireman, and Logan Dyers, the head brakeman, were dangerously injured. The accident was due to the engine striking a cow on a small bridge. The loss to the company will be very heavy.

THANKSGIVING.

President Harrison Proclaims Thursday, Nov. 24, as a Season of Rejoicing.

President Harrison has issued the annual Thanksgiving Day proclamation. It follows:

The gifts of God to our people during the last year have been so abundant and so special that the spirit of devout thanksgiving awaits not a call, but only the appointment of a day when it may have a common expression. He has stayed the pestilence at our doors; He has given us more love for the free civil institutions in the creation of which His directing providence was so conspicuous; He has awakened a deeper reverence for law; He has widened our philanthropy by a call to succor the distress in other lands; He has blessed our schools, and is bringing forward a patriotic and God-fearing generation to execute His great and benevolent designs for our country; He has given us great increase in material wealth, and a wide diffusion of contentment and comfort in the homes of our people; He has given His grace to the sorrowing.

Wherefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, do call upon all our people to observe, as we have been wont, Thursday, the 24th day of this month of November, as a day of thanksgiving to God for His mercies and of supplication for His continued care and grace.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 4th day of November, 1892, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and seventeenth.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By the President,
JOHN W. FOSTER, Secretary of State.

BUSINESS ACTIVE.

Better than Ever Before in a Presidential Campaign.

R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says:

Even in the last week before a Presidential election business continued active; indeed the volume is far beyond any precedent for a similar period. The election has plainly diminished business in two ways: multitudes have been diverted from trade to political activity, and many more have chosen to postpone transactions until the political uncertainty has been removed. The fact that even under such circumstances trade has been of enormous volume shows how powerful is the impetus toward activity and expansion. The people are clearly buying more goods than ever before, and in some branches manufacturers are realizing a slight advance in prices. Money is closer at some Western points, but nowhere is stringency seen, and there is no apprehension as to the immediate future.

TO REPRESENT VENEZUELA.

Crespo Sends a New Consul to New York and a Minister to Washington.

Among the passengers of the steamship Venezuela, which arrived at New York from La Guayra, are the following representatives of General Crespo's Government in Venezuela to this country: Gustavo Michelena, Secretary of Legation, Washington; H. Rivero Saldivia, Consul at New York, and Rufeno Blanco Fombona, Consul at Philadelphia. Michelena is about 29 years old; was an aid-de-camp to General Crespo, and passed through all the recent campaigns with his chief. The new Minister to Washington is Dr. Francis Bustomente, who was exiled from his country by Dictator Palacio last May. Dr. Bustomente was one of the congress which refused to recognize Palacio when he usurped the presidency.

SHOT FOR HIS JEWELS.

A New York Drummer Relieved of $15,000 in Precious Stones.

One of the most daring robberies ever committed in the West took place on the Sioux City and Pacific train, north-bound from Omaha, near Missouri Valley, Iowa. Within five minutes two bold desperadoes secured $15,000 worth of diamonds, badly wounded the man from whom they had taken the valuable jewels, compelled the terror-stricken passengers who witnessed the whole affair to sit by in silence, stopped the train while in full motion and made good their escape. The victim of the robbery was Max Pollock, representing W. L. Pollock & Co., jewelry manufacturers, of New York.

Found a Bomb on the Track.

Near Corfu, N. Y., Saturday night Track Walker John Stoddard discovered a dynamite bomb under one of the rails of the Lehigh Valley track. The next train was due at that point at 9:50. It was a through express and the express car is said to have contained $15,000, which the miscreants engaged in the dastardly attempt to wreck the train were thought to be after. To the bomb was attached a slow match, which was burning when Stoddard found it.

Must Be Published Week Days.

An opinion has just been given by the Supreme Court at Jefferson City, Mo., to the effect that official notices published in a Sunday paper are not legal. The decision grew out of a case in which a taxpayer of St. Louis refused to pay a benefit assessment for the opening of a street, the official notice of which was published the required four days, one of which, however, was a Sunday.

Congressman Morse's Property Attached.

There was filed in the Norfolk, Mass., registry an attachment on the property of Congressman Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, in the sum of $25,000 by Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, of Lafayette, Ind., the well-known prohibition speaker, pending an action of tort.

Will Tackle Osman Digma.

Major General Forestier Walker, sirdar, or commander-in-chief, of the Egyptian army, accompanied by his staff, has started for Suakim to prepare the troops for an encounter with the forces of Osman Digma, who is raiding in the vicinity of Suakim.

Fierce Storm in Manitoba.

A fierce though by no means a cold blizzard has been raging at Winnipeg, making the streets almost impassable. Trains have been badly delayed. Not for many years has so fierce a storm been experienced there so early in the season.

How They Caught the Boodlers.

In the boodle trial at Toledo of Alderman W. J. Gill, ex-Postmaster Lorenz, and ex-Assistant Postmaster Machen repeated how they had set the trap for the Councilmen to fall into, and Stenographer Bassett told how he had hidden under the false register and taken the evidence.

Accepted a Confederate Bill.

Woo Tong, an Ashland, Ky., laundryman, accepted a Confederate fifty dollar note in payment for a 40 cent laundry bill, planking down the change in hard cash. His banker enlightened him and he now greets each patron with a searching smile of increased suspicion.

GONE TO THE BOTTOM.

The Steamer W. H. Gilcher Given Up for Lost by Her Owners.

There is now little doubt that the steamer W. H. Gilcher has gone down with all all hands, and that the wreckage found floating near North Manitou Island in Lake Michigan is all that is left of the once magnificent vessel. J. C. Gilchrist, of Cleveland, one of the principal owners of the Gilcher, has given her up for lost. He said: "I am now convinced that the reason we have not heard from the Gilcher is because there is none of the crew alive to tell the tale. There were eighteen men aboard, with Captain L. O. Weeks, of Vermont, in command. His first mate was Captain Ed Porter, of Lorain. Sydney Jones, of Marine City, Mich., was chief engineer. Formerly nearly the entire crew were from Vermillion, but about a month ago Captain Weeks, while in Buffalo, discharged most of his old men and shipped new sailors, whose names have never been reported to the general office." The Gilcher was put into service a year ago last May. She was valued at $200,000 and was insured for $180,000. She had a cargo of 3,020 tons of coal and was bound from Buffalo to Milwaukee. She was last heard from when she passed Mackinaw. It is the general supposition that she must have struck upon the South Fox reef during the storm and had a hole knocked in her bottom. The builders of the Gilcher claim that the wreckage washed ashore does not tally with any part of the work on this boat. Her owners are convinced, however, that she has gone down with all on board. She was provided with a large metallic life-boat and enough small boats to carry about thirty men. As far as is known there were no passengers on the Gilcher when she left Buffalo.

HOLOCAUST ON A TRAIN.

One of the Worst Railroad Collisions Ever Known in England.

A terrible railroad accident, in which the closed compartment played an important part and accompanied by ten deaths and twenty injuries occurred early Wednesday morning near Thirsk, Yorkshire, England. The east coast express train for London, known as the "Flying Scotchman," left Edinburgh at 10:30 o'clock the previous night. The express train being unusually heavy was divided into two sections. The first section proceeded safely to London, arriving there at the usual hour. The second section had over one hundred passengers on board, including several noblemen and other prominent people. The train, which consisted of coaches from Dundee, Perth and Aberdeen, swept safely through southern Scotland and the extreme north of England. A thick fog prevailed, and it was difficult for the driver to discern the signals. Approaching Thirsk, a town nine miles southeast of North Allerton, the fog was thicker than ever, and at a point about two and a half miles north of that town the signals were entirely obscured, and the express train collided at full speed with a goods train on a siding at Manor House. The express was completely wrecked, and to add to the horror the debris was fired.

PRESIDENT HARD AT WORK.

Getting Ready to Write His Message—May Be Shorter This Year.

A Washington correspondent says: The President is once more at work, and with such energy as to lead a superficial observer to think that he is in haste to make up for lost time. But it is in work alone that he can find forgetfulness, and that accounts for his energy. He was at his desk early this morning and remained at it steadily till the luncheon hour. There is plenty of work for him to do, for, besides the usual routine, there is his annual message to prepare. Heretofore he has begun that document either in the latter part of September or in the early part of October, but this year, for reasons which the public will readily appreciate, he has done absolutely nothing about it. He is getting ready to begin the task, though it is not thought he will do very much on it until after the election. It is believed that the message will not be so long as it was last year.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S CARD.

He Expresses His Gratefulness to the Public for Its Sympathies.

The President has requested the publication of the following card: "The expressions of sympathy with me and our family in our great sorrow from individuals, from societies, from church conventions, from public meetings, from political clubs and committees of all parties, and indeed from all our people, have been so tender and so full of respect and love for Mrs. Harrison that I reluctantly abandon the purpose of making a personal acknowledgment of each. We are grateful, very grateful, for this great cup of good-will and for your prayerful intercessions. May God give to each of you in every trial that grace and strength which you have asked for us.

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

CLAIM MEXICAN LANDS.

American Heirs Assert that Their Title Comes from the King of Spain.

A special from Durango, Col., says: A claim has just been filed in the United States Court of Private Land Claims, at Santa Fe, which involves a tract of land thirty-three miles square in the southwest corner of this State, claiming that the grant was made to Senor Corpus Christi, by the King of Spain, 214 years ago. The plaintiffs are Benjamin Hodges and several relatives, all of whom reside in the neighborhood of Rockford, Ohio. They are great-grand-children of the ancient senor. The United States Government and all persons laying claim to any part or parcel of the land are the descendants.

RUINED A SKY-SCRAPER.

Chicago Athletic Association Club-House on Michigan Avenue Destroyed.

The beautiful new Chicago Athletic Association building on the west side of Michigan avenue, just south of Madison street, was burned early Tuesday morning. It was believed to be a fire-proof building, but even under a rainfall it went like a pine knot, and before the first engine arrived it had been thinned to a blazing shell. The loss will be about $80,000, for the entire woodwork of the building was destroyed and the Gothic stone front is damaged by smoke almost beyond complete repair. The walls are safe.

Hunting for Pleuro-Pneumonia.

In order to ascertain whether or not pleuro-pneumonia has any existence in Canada the Dominion Government has dispatched veterinary inspectors to every district where cattle for the British market are collected. Complete reports have not yet been received, but interior reports fail to establish the slightest trace of the disease.

General Rosecrans Is Ill.

Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, register of the treasury, is quite ill. He was at the department Monday for a short time, anxious to finish his annual report, but was unable to do so and had to return to his hotel.

Croton Oil in the Soup.

At a meeting of Dunkards in Phillipsburg, Ohio, 200 of those present were made seriously ill by eating soup into which croton oil had been maliciously poured.

Fatal Collision in New Orleans.

A train on the Northeastern Railroad collided with a stock car at New Orleans. Three men were injured, one probably fatally.

Assaulted by Masked Students.

There is considerable indignation among the better class of students of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, over an outrage perpetrated on Will C. Pugsley, a student from South Charleston. A gang of masked students dragged Pugsley under a hydrant and saturated him with water for five minutes. They then strapped him flat to a rail, and roughly carried him to a brook, slapping him in the face en route, and after clipping his hair in places, threw him still fastened to the rail into the brook and left him. The barbarians excuse their action by claiming that Pugsley was caught taking coal from other students, but this is denied.

COULDN'T HIT THE CLOUD.

Rainmakers Keep Washington People Awake All Night, but Get No Rain.

The people of Washington have it in for the rainmakers. For the last two weeks they have been attempting to blow a hole in the sky to let the rain through, but without success. Though trying on weak nerves, no special complaint was made, but at sundown Wednesday the rainmakers spied a cloud coming up from the horizon, and they "layed for it." Darkness shut the cloud from view before it got within range, but the rainmakers had its course, and by gauging its speed estimated that it would get within range a little after midnight. It was an unseemly hour and everybody, from the President down, was sure to be aroused from slumber; but in the cause of science everything goes, and so, a little after the witching hour the first shot was fired. It split the night with a terrific roar and brought everybody in bed to a sitting posture. Hardly had the echoes died away before another night splitter was let loose. The windows in houses miles away rattled and teeth chattered like rain on the roof. The nervous were frightened, the sick made worse, while the strong simply swore at Dyrenforth and all of his ilk; but the rain-makers had evidently not hit the cloud, for no rain fell, and fearful lest the cloud should get away they kept up a cannonade all along the line until daylight came, when the cloud, untouched, was seen gayly sailing over the horizon. The result was a heavy dew, a city full of wrath, and more protests in the afternoon papers than can be published in a fortnight. The President isn't saying anything, but it is understood that the next appropriation bill for rain-making will be vetoed with red ink.

SUCCESSFUL BANK SWINDLER.

Forges Checks and Stamps Them with a Bogus Certification Mark.

The Treasury Department has been informed of the operations of a man traveling under the names of W. H. Melbourne, E. E. Rose and other aliases who is making large sums of money on forged checks bearing forged marks of certification. He makes out a check to suit his fancy and stamps it with a counterfeit of the certifying stamp of the bank on which the check is drawn. Every bank has a record of these stamps and the authorities believe that the counterfeiter has one. The ruse is simple and remarkably successful. The National Capitol Bank of Washington has received two checks which came from this rogue's hands. One called for $500 and the other for $1,000. They were paid in Cincinnati. It is a new idea of roguery, the Treasury officials say, and it will necessitate the invention of entirely new safeguards for the protection of banks.

DRIVEN INSANE BY LOVE.

Georgie Marrs, of Louisville, Thought to Have Committed Suicide.

Georgie Marrs, a pretty young woman living at Louisville, has been missing from her home since Friday, and her family and friends fear she has committed suicide. Miss Marrs has been demented since last May, due to disappointment in a love affair. Several days ago she became violent, and once attempted to cut her throat with a butcher-knife. She is 24 years old, and the daughter of Alfred Marrs, of Woodbury, Ky., but made her home with her brother in Louisville.

Purse for Dr. Ringland.

The resignation of the Rev. A. W. Ringland as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Duluth was accepted by the congregation. The back salary was paid in full, and he was presented with a purse of $1,500. Dr. Ringland will begin at once his new duties as President of the Macalister College, situated midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Dr. Ringland is director of the McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, and is President of the German Theological School at Dubuque, Iowa.

Files Its Certificate.

A certificate of the increase of the capital stock of the Western Union Telegraph Company from $86,200,000 to $100,000,000 has been filed in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany. The tax on such increase was $17,250. The certificate states that "the amount of capital of said corporation actually paid in is $100,000,000, and that the whole amount of the debts and liabilities of the corporation is $15,254,560."

Dr. Faulkner Will Accept.

It is announced that Dr. Roland P. Faulkner, of the Wharton School University of Pennsylvania, will accept the position of Secretary to the United States Commissioners at the international monetary conference in Brussels.

Tsai Ko Yui Superseded.

It is unofficially reported at the State Department that China has appointed a new Minister to this country. His name is Chi Yui, and upon his arrival Tsai Ko Yui, the present Minister, will take up his bed and walk.

Increase in Exports.

The total exports, exclusive of specie from the port of New York, for last week were $8,705,780, against $7,227,759 for the corresponding week in 1891.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Common to Prime	$3.50	@ 6.00
HOGS—Shipping Grades	3.50	@ 5.50
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	4.00	@ 5.30
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.70	@ .71
CORN—No. 2	.41	@ .42
OATS—No. 2	.30	@ .31
RYE—No. 2	.49	@ .50
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.27	@ .29
EGGS—Fresh	.21	@ .22
POTATOES—New, per bu	.60	@ .70
INDIANAPOLIS.		
CATTLE—Shipping	3.25	@ 5.00
HOGS—Choice Light	3.50	@ 6.00
SHEEP—Common to Prime	3.00	@ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.65	@ .65½
CORN—No. 1 White	.39	@ .40
OATS—No. 2 White	.34	@ .34½
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE	3.00	@ 5.25
HOGS	3.50	@ 6.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.65	@ .66
CORN—No. 2	.38	@ .39
OATS—No. 2	.28	@ .29
RYE—No. 2	.48	@ .49
CINCINNATI.		
CATTLE	3.00	@ 5.00
HOGS	3.00	@ 5.75
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.66	@ .66½
CORN—No. 2	.43	@ .44
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	.32	@ .33
RYE—No. 2	.55	@ .57
DETROIT.		
CATTLE	3.00	@ 4.05
HOGS	3.00	@ 5.00
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.72	@ .73
CORN—No. 2 Yellow	.43½	@ .44½
OATS—No. 2 White	.35½	@ .36½
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2	.71	@ .72
CORN—No. 2 White	.41	@ .41½
OATS—No. 2 White	.31	@ .31½
RYE	.53	@ .55
BUFFALO.		
CATTLE—Common to Prime	3.00	@ 5.25
HOGS—Best Grades	4.00	@ 6.25
WHEAT—No. 1 Hard	.86	@ .87
CORN—No. 2	.46	@ .47
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.67	@ .68
CORN—No. 3	.40	@ .41
OATS—No. 2 White	.33	@ .34
RYE—No. 1	.51	@ .53
BARLEY—No. 2	.66	@ .68
PORK—Mess	11.75	@12.25
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE	3.50	@ 5.25
HOGS	3.00	@ 6.25
SHEEP	3.00	@ 5.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.75	@ .76
CORN—No. 2	.50	@ .51
OATS—Mixed Western	.35	@ .37
BUTTER—Creamery	.20	@ .30
PORK—New Mess	13.00	@13.50

COLUMBIA.

BY P. S. GILMORE.

Columbia! First and fairest gem
On nature's brow—a diadem,
Whose lustre bright as heavenly star,
The light of freedom sheds afar.
Like Noah's ark, a God-sent bark,
In search of land through day and dark,
First found thee held by nature's child,
The red man in his wigwam wild.

Columbia! Soon the tidings spread
Of what Columbus saw and said;
The eyes of man they turned to thee,
The new land, rising from the sea;
Each spread his sail before the gale,
To verify the wondrous tale,
And thus begin what was to be
The hope and home of liberty.

Columbia! See what thou art now,
A crown of stars on nature's brow;
With fields of gold and teeming marts,
With fifty million loving hearts,
Who cling to thee from sea to sea
To guard thy peace and liberty;
Who, man to man, shall ere be just,
And in the Lord place all their trust.

Columbia! Lift thine eyes on high,
See Him who dwells in yonder sky,
The King of Glory on His throne,
Who looks on all, for all's His own.
Our earthly gain would be in vain,
A home in heaven to attain,
If with our hearts we did not pay
Our debt to Him. Then let us pray.

At morn, at noon, at eventide,
Oh, Lord! be ever at our side,
That we Thy voice may always hear,
And feel that Thou art ever near.
In mercy spare from grief and care
The nation, bowed in fervent prayer,
Who ask with reverent love and awe,
God bless and save America!

MY FIRST PATIENT.

I had been in my new lodgings for a week. A week that had dragged itself along in an endless series of days, every one bringing to me the dreams and the hopes of an entire lifetime. Over the glass door of my neat little apartment the white door-plate, with which it is customary to announce the office of a practicing physician, had shone for a week. For the same length of time my little reception and consultation-room had waited with its dark curtains and straight-backed chairs for the patients who were to come to seek the advice and help of Dr. Max Erhardt. After all, I had no cause to wonder that my room remained so empty in the first days, for the neighborhood had first to get accustomed to my name, and to the fact that they could find good medical advice in their near vicinity. All this I said to myself comfortingly at that time. When, by good fortune, I should be able to heal only one patient, then the situation would quickly change. My reputation would increase, and soon the rush of people to my consultation-room would proclaim my success. I should soon go about in a pretty, little carriage, with a dark, brown horse, driven by a respectable coachman; then, indeed, then——

At last, a thought which completely overpowered me came to my mind. I was again in spirit with my Cousin Marie, who certainly would make the prettiest of doctor's wives that one could imagine. I loved my fair cousin. As a boy, I had shown her every little chivalrous service which in either house or garden is demanded of the stronger comrade. As a junior in school, I had inscribed my first poem to her; and as senior, I had badly injured my voice, which was just then turning to baritone, by singing incessantly of "the flaxen-haired girl." When I returned home, after passing the first examination, the first thing of all that the student noticed was that "the flaxen-haired girl" had come to love him as completely as he loved her, but neither said anything on that subject. My University period passed by. All the time I worked earnestly, and whenever I had undergone the tedious struggle of examinations victoriously, Marie's dear eyes seemed to express her lively interest in the successful accomplishment of all my endeavors. And when Cousin Marie greeted me upon my return, said softly, "Herr Doctor Erhardt," I looked deep into her dear eyes and said more softly, "Frau Doctor Erhardt." Then I saw a bright blush come over her face, as she turned hastily toward the window-seat.

Now and then, during the next few days, I had opportunity to speak to Marie of all the castles in Spain which a young physician could build in his empty dwelling; but I dared not inform her of my dream in regard to the future doctor's wife. There lay in the blue eyes of my dearest an expression which kept back my words, even when they almost found utterance. I had no doubt that Marie would eventually be my wife, but it seemed as if a lack of confidence in my ability as a physician lay in her glance. That increased my pride, and induced me to remain silent and await the time when the report of my first professional achievement would proclaim my ability to Marie.

With my thoughts absorbed in all these things, I sat on the afternoon of a dreary November day in my consultation-room, and at first failed to notice a faint ring at my bell. Then I arose to open the door myself, as I had sent my errand-boy to market.

I confess that during the few steps which were necessary to bring me to the door, a flood of strange thoughts came over me. A caller was seeking my help. Very likely it was a patient of high birth, and I should certainly receive a rich reward and fame, and—I was already married to dear Marie. I opened the door. In the half-dark of the late August day stood a poorly-clad woman before me. Out of her haggard and charcoal-blackened face looked a pair of great, dark eyes beseechingly at me.

"Doctor," said the woman in a trembling voice, "Doctor, be merciful, O please. My little Marie is so sick."

The name atoned for the woman's unpromising appearance, which coincided badly with my latest dreams.

"Who are you? Who sent you to me?" I asked.

"No one," the woman answered quickly and in a low voice. "O Doctor, do come! I have been carrying coal all day from the wagon into a house near by. I live over there in the courtyard. My child has been sick since yesterday. I found her so much worse that I came to you at once."

I hesitated somewhat; the disenchantment was so great.

The woman wiped her face with her blackened hand.

It was a face which already showed many furrows caused by sorrow and trials.

"I should have gone for the charity physician," she said, wearily, "but your servant, Doctor, is a child of the shoemaker in our courtyard, and he has told everyone that you are such a good man. Oh, do help my little girl!"

I decided to go with the woman. After all, one is a man, and most of all is he a man who has learned to do his duty. So I went with her, after I had gathered together the necessary instruments with a pomposity which astonished and half shamed even myself.

Across the street we took our course, into a great courtyard lying behind a row of houses. Then she led me up five flights of stairs, each one darker and steeper than the last, and finally through a badly-fitting door into a little room with slanting ceiling and very little windows. On a miserable but neatly-arranged bed lay a child of perhaps fourteen months. Her limbs were fever-heated, and her eyes were wandering and inexpressive.

The woman bent down to the bedside. "She does not know me! She does not know me!" she moaned.

The child coughed; it was a croupous cough of the worst sort. I tore a leaf from my book, and wrote my first prescription as a practicing physician.

"To the nearest apothecary," I said.

The woman looked at me, embarrassed.

"Can I take it to the one in the Konigstrasse?" she said.

"No, no," I cried, "it requires the greatest haste; why will you not go to the apothecary in this street?"

The woman reddened perceptibly, in spite of the charcoal dust. Finally she stammered, "The apothecary in the Konigstrasse knows me; I carry coal there, and he will perhaps— I have no money."

A heavy tear dropped on the paper in her hand.

"These people, who can pay no physician and no druggist," said I, angrily, but inaudibly. I took out some money, and said aloud, "There, take that, and go quickly."

The woman kissed the hand of her child, and then, before I could stop her, she kissed mine also, and hastened away. I looked around the room for a seat. A rickety chair, a red chest, an old table, some miserable dishes on a poor, cold oven, which occupied the place of a hearth, comprised all the furniture. Hanging on the wall in a corner was a threadbare woolen garment, and also a child's cloak and a little hat with a ribbon around it a finger's-breadth wide; on a bracket hanging next to the little window was a withered myrtle tree, a red geranium, and a hymn-book, with disgusting yellow edges. That was everything the room held.

I sat down beside the little girl. She was apparently well cared for. Her limbs were round and pretty, her golden hair was soft and curly. She was unconscious; her blue eyes stared straight before her, as if she was looking into the far, unknown distance. The room was cold. I went to the oven and found only some splinters of wood.

There were so few that I did not attempt to build a fire. I sat down and waited for the woman and the medicine. Ever and anon my glance would wander around the miserable room. Here was a poor, hardworking woman, who carried charcoal on the street, while her child lay in want and sickness, and yet she loved her baby tenderly.

Suddenly the thought shot through me that I could not save the child. I had been called too late. I had not resolution enough to try any doubtful energetic effort to save her, to snatch her from the arms of Death. My heart was heavy. I sprang to the door and listened for the footsteps of the mother. She came finally; my reproachful look met her downcast one. "There were so many people in the store. A woman like myself did not dare to press forward."

An hour of torment went by. The medicine availed nothing. Little Marie could not swallow it. An operation on the throat was of no use. The child died, died before my eyes on the bosom of the mother, bowed down by her grief.

She finally looked up in a terrified manner; a tear had fallen on her hand, but she had not wept.

"You are weeping, doctor," she said, softly. "Ah, don't weep, sir, you will stand before many a sick bed as you have stood here, where the Lord will not help."

She looked fixedly at the little corpse. "I have loved her very dearly. I have done for her what I could in my poverty. Whenever I came home from my work I found her so pretty, so charming! For hours she would lie in bed or on the floor and play with almost nothing, and she laughed for joy when I came home. God has taken her from me. He loves her more than I do, but, oh, I shall be so lonesome!"

I pressed the woman's hand, but could not speak. I dropped some money on the table, and silently went out. At home I laid my instrument case away, and sat down disheartened. I could eat no supper. I went to bed and tried to get to sleep. But the picture of the gloomy attic, of the dead child, of the submissive and patient woman, kept me less from sleep than the tormenting self-reproach with which I thought over everything that I had done. My first patient! I simply groaned, and then the words of the poor woman came to me again: "Don't weep, doctor, you will stand before many a sick bed as you have stood here where the Lord will not help."

I had been summoned too late; I had not been able to save the child. "You will stand before many a sick bed as you have stood here." I laid my face in the pillow. It was a terrible night; the torturing thoughts which made me so restless were very different from the pleasant dreams which had encouraged me in both my waking and my sleeping hours.

Early on the following day an old college friend came, who had sought me on his way through the city. He dragged me over the crowded streets, into the Museums, into all sorts of restaurants. He complained of my taciturnity. I feigned a headache and escaped the necessity of having to see a sensational play at the Court Theatre. Tired and worn out, I went at last to my own room. On my way there I passed the window of a brightly-lighted flower-shop. I walked in and bought a costly, white camelia and some sweet-smelling violets. I went up the five flights to the room of the poor woman. I found the door unlocked. It was faintly lighted, and a little coffin stood in the middle of the room. In it lay the child dressed in a white gown. The ribbon on the hat on the wall had been made into two little bows, the myrtle wreath lay on the blonde hair, and the geranium was laid upon her breast. On the table stood a lamp, and the open song-book lay near by it.

I laid the beautiful white flowers in the little, motionless hand, and put the bouquet of violets on the quiet breast; then I looked at the open book. The page was turned at an old song which I had learned at school, and had soon forgotten.

I laid the book away, sighing. The words which I had read, the awful stillness, the peacefully-resting child, oppressed my heart; I went home, after asking in the house for the hour of the interment.

I went to bed early. I was very tired and all disquiet left me. And as if called forth by a strange power, the words of an ardent prayer flowed over my lips; the prayer that God might bless me in my difficult position, and might change my conceited assurance in my own skill into a submissive trust in His protection, whenever my little knowledge and my earnest wishes would not avail; that I might hope for God's comfort at all sick beds, where I must, as on yesterday, stand helpless.

Early in the morning I awaited the little coffin in the courtyard. A man bore it; the mother, in her poor, black clothing, followed. She pressed my hand and gave me a thankful look when she saw that I joined the little procession. The way was not long; the streets were almost empty; the air was very mild for November. As the iron gate of the burial-ground opened, the weeping woman dropped her head upon her breast. Beside the open grave stood the clergyman.

"I have made it my duty, as long as my strength lasts, to give a last blessing to all the dead of my parish," said he softly, as my astonished look met his.

Dear, kind priest, you did not suspect how the plain, homely words of blessing which you spoke over the little coffin gave comfort to the poor woman, and to myself as well!

"In God's hand everlasting rest is found."

"I know it, I know it," sobbed the woman, and she bent her pale face over the hand of the young priest.

On the evening of the same day I went to my relatives. All the older members of the family were absent. Only Cousin Marie was at home to receive me. We sat at the window and let the moonlight shine upon us, and then I told her how I had visited my first patient and what I had learned thereby of value to my calling. Marie said nothing during my confession, but suddenly I felt myself embraced by her arms. She looked at me with moist eyes.

"Look, Max!" she said. "Now you know well in what respect you failed in your profession. Thank God that you have gained this knowledge through your first patient. Now I think that you will become an able physician, who will always do good, even when his own skill shall not avail."

I kissed my cousin.

"And now, what do you mean?" I said. "Have you the courage to become the wife of such a doctor?"

She smiled in the midst of her tears, and we were betrothed at last.

Fortune willed it that on the next day I should again be called to attend a child, who was very sick with the croup. I was also fortunate enough to be able to save it. Much grace has God since then allowed to be bestowed through my hands to the sick and the poverty stricken. My profession became dearer and dearer to me. The mother of the child who had been my first patient soon moved into my house to attend to the management of the household until my dearest one became my wife. She then stayed with us as cook, until later she became nurse to our first-born daughter, Marie. She wept over the child for joy, and in thankful remembrance of the little blonde girl who had shown me what it is to be a physician.—[From the German, in Romance.

When Forks Came In.

It was about the year 1600 and in the reign of James I. when forks were first introduced into England. This "piece of refinement," we are told, was derived from the Italians. In a curious book of travels, published in the year 1611, the writer says:

"I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels. Neither do I think that any other nation in Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke, which they hold in the other hand, upon the same dish. This forme of feeding is generally in use in all Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steel, and some of silver, but those are only used by gentlemen." Before the revolution in France it was customary, when a gentleman had been invited out to dinner, to send his servant in advance with his knife, fork and spoon. If he had no servant he carried them with him in his pocket. Some of the peasantry in certain parts of Germany and Switzerland to-day carry a case in their pockets containing a knife, fork and spoon.—[Detroit Free Press.

Lower Your Head to Think.

Dr. Lawder Brunton has made a discovery which ought to entitle him to the gratitude of all who live by intellectual labor. It is nothing less than the secret of how to have ideas at will. One night, after a long day's work, this eminent physician was called upon to write an article immediately. He sat down, with pen, ink and paper before him, but not a single idea came into his head, not a single word could he write. Lying back he then soliloquized: "The brain is the same as it was yesterday, and it worked then; why will it not work to-day?"

Then it occurred to him that the day before he was not so tired, and that probably the circulation was a little brisker than to-day. He next considered the various experiments on the connection between cerebral circulation and mental activity, says the London News, and concluded that if the blood would not come to the brain the best thing would be to bring the brain down to the blood.

It was at this moment that he was seized with the happy thought of laying his head "flat upon the table. At once his ideas began to flow and his pen to run across the paper."

By and by Dr. Brunton thought, "I am getting on so well I may sit up now." But it would not do. "The moment," he continues, "that I raised my head my mind became an utter blank, so I put my head down again flat upon the table and finished my article in that position."—[San Francisco Examiner.

Wolf Against Eagle.

"I once witnessed a battle between an eagle and a big gray timber wolf," said Lieut. Charles E. Crittenden. "The wolf had singled out a lamb for its mid-day meal, but just as he was preparing to gather it in an eagle swooped down upon it. Before the bird of freedom could rise into the air with its burden the wolf attacked it viciously. For about a minute the air was full of feathers and hair, and then the combatants separated and sized each other up. The wolf came to the scratch, but I regret to say that the emblem of this great Republic showed the white feather unmistakably. Instead of coming up with that never-say-die courage with which it is accredited, it spread its wings and flew screaming way. I do not believe that a bird that a thieving wolf can chase away from a square meal is a fit emblem for the greatest nation on earth. I would rather see a game rooster on our standard."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE Peary expedition gives confirmation to the declaration of Nansen, the Swedish explorer, that its interior can be traversed with sledges without serious difficulty. Greenland would seem to offer the most practicable route to the pole. Stone houses as supply stations could be constructed and stored with food and other necessaries at sufficient intervals in the heart of the Greenland continent, and in this way the pole could be reached and its magic and magnetic mysteries unlocked. It is the last grand secret that the surface of our earth conceals, and it is not in the nature of men in this advanced and daring age to permit such a secret to be much longer withheld. The New Orleans Picayune is convinced that the pole can never be reached by ships. Greenland projects as an enormous tongue of granite far into the Polar Sea and perhaps with a craggy peak marks the site of the pole. Who will be the daring explorer to attain it?

THE San Francisco Examiner declares that the need of a new system of forestry in America is coming gradually to be understood by a larger and larger number of people. The system or no-system of turning the forests over to the lumbermen to be destroyed as rapidly as possible has been followed too long, but the popular sentiment that shall change all this is being roused. It is coming to be understood that forest preservation does not mean the withdrawal of forest lands from the use of the people or the cutting off of the supply of timber. On the contrary the reservation of public forest land is to secure its free use to the public, and to bring the forests under management that shall furnish a steady supply of lumber and fuel without impairing the forests. It is only by public ownership and public administration that this object can be secured, and any force that aids in establishing a national system is to be welcomed.

KICKING BEAR, the famous war chief of the Ogalalla Sioux, who was the leading spirit in the ghost dancing and insurrection that led to the bloody affair at Wounded Knee, has been set at liberty and returned to Pine Ridge Agency. He was captured by General Miles in 1890 and confined for a while at Fort Sheridan. Afterward he was alowed to go to Europe under the charge of Buffalo Bill, in the hope that an idea of the greatness of civilization would tame him. He came back, however, full of a warlike spirit, threatening to go on the warpath as soon as he reached his people. For this reason he was again imprisoned at Fort Sheridan, and has only regained his liberty on a solemn promise to refrain from hostilities. If he had been a white man, he would have been hung long ago for his many murders.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE delivered an address on "Tooth culture" the other day at Cambridge, England. He referred to the alarming increase of decay in the teeth in this country, especially among the young. In Leeds 90 per cent. of the teeth of the population are bad, and in England 10,000,000 artificial teeth are used annually. Sir James ascribed the increase of dental decay to pulpiness and softness of the food in modern times, and other causes. Sir James advocated increased attention to the state of the teeth, and the periodical inspection of all school children.

THERE is now in operation in Denmark a law giving every Danish subject, man and woman, the right to a pension at sixty years of age. Exception is made of persons who have been convicted of crime; who have fraudulently made over their property to relatives or others; who have brought themselves to distress by extravagance or evil-living; who have during the preceding ten years received relief from the Poor law; or who have been convicted of mendacity. Applications are to be addressed to the parish, who will make all inquiries, and fix the amount of the relief to be granted.

THE vast extent of the territory covered by and tributary to the Great Lakes and the volume of business transacted thereon are little known. The total basic area is 270,000 square miles, embraces more than half the fresh water area of the globe, and the coast line in the United States extends over 3,000 miles. The extreme distance in the United States east and west is 1,279 miles and north and south 500 miles. Bordering on the lakes are eight states, with a total population of over 26,000,000. In these eight states are over thirty-six cities having a population exceeding 10,000 each and six having over 100,000 each.

THE advertisement of the brigand Candino, in the Journal of Sicily, complaining of a correspondent's letter, is curiously illustrative of the march of civilization. He is still pursuing his profession at the head of a considerable band, and he begs to state "through your esteemed columns" (for which purpose he forwards one dollar) that the remarks in question are injurious to him. "we do not touch the poor who work for their living, but only the rich. Nor do we kill persons with a dagger, as is infamously asserted of the man Cassetaro; we shot him."

THE continued absence of Mr. Winans who has not visited his vast Highland deer forests for five years, is provoking the criticism of the Scotch newspapers. These preserves, in the north of Scotland, stretch from sea to sea, and Mr. Winans pays an annual rental of $25,000 for the territory. The point is made that an American should not be permitted to keep such a great tract locked up for years when there is such a dearth of land for pasturage and other purposes.

THE city of Bremen has spent 30,000,000 marks, or about $7,500,000, in making the Weser navigable. Big steamships can now go up to the city instead of being obliged to discharge cargo and land passengers at Bremerhaven, necessitating for the latter a car-ride of a couple of hours or so.

Fuel on Ocean Steamers.

Ocean steamships consume much more fuel than the average person is aware of. Take for an instance the vessels of the Orient Line, which make regular trips between Australia and Great Britain. The fastest steamer of that line is the Austral, which makes the voyage from London to Sydney in thirty-five days. During the "trip out" she never uses less than 3,650 tons of coal, and on the return voyage often as much as 4,000 tons. She has three coaling stations, and bunkers that will hold 2,750 tons without overcrowding. English-American "liners" like the Oregon consume 330 tons of coal per day for every day between Liverpool and New York. The Sterling Castle went to China for a load of tea. She brought back a cargo of 2,200 tons of that staple Chinese commodity, but consumed 5,600 tons of coal in making the round trip from Liverpool. Immense stocks of coal are constantly kept on hand at St. Vincent, Madeira, Port Said, Singapore and other Oriental coaling stations, there being often as much as 200,000 tons in store at the last named place.—[St. Louis Republic.